

LIFE

**ELIZABETH TAYLOR
TALKS ABOUT
HERSELF**

DECEMBER 18 • 1964 • 35c



When you've picked the right car, pick the right financing

GMAC has helped people like yourself buy more than 48 million cars "on time." Here's why so many have used the GMAC Plan:

1. The cost is reasonable and any General Motors dealer who uses GMAC can arrange terms to fit your budget.
2. With GMAC, the dealer can finance your car, car insurance, even creditor life insurance in one simple transaction—so convenient!
3. Friendly, considerate treatment is yours should circumstances change and financial problems arise.
4. If you move, nationwide GMAC service goes with you through over 300 offices in the United States and Canada.

ASK THE CHEVROLET, PONTIAC, OLDSMOBILE, BUICK OR CADILLAC DEALER WHO OFFERS THE GMAC PLAN



THRIFTY CAR BUYERS KNOW the best way to buy "on time" is to pay down as much as you comfortably can—then pay the balance as soon as you can.



Do you have to hide your hair to look prettier?



Use **condition*** great new beauty prescription for troubled hair!

Winter-chapped hair? Exposed to blustery winds outdoors, over-heated rooms indoors. Most women have one or more of these hair troubles—do you?

- | | |
|---|---|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Winter-chapped hair | <input type="checkbox"/> Over-lightened hair |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Dry hair | <input type="checkbox"/> Brittle, over-porous |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Dull, limp hair | <input type="checkbox"/> Splitting ends |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Frizzy, over-permanented | <input type="checkbox"/> Sun-damaged hair |

If you checked even one, we prescribe **condition*** by Clairol. This richly corrective creme formula adds such lively bounce, new vital body, satiny sheen—try it! You'll never want to hide your hair again!

Actually makes your hair feel stronger—right away! Entirely different from any hairdressing or surface pomade, **condition*** goes deeply into hair troubles. Revitalizes your hair's inner strength, outer beauty. Hairdressers use it even while tinting, toning, lightening. Avoids frizziness in permanent waving. And imagine! **condition*** works all its beautiful magic without heat—just a luxurious beauty pack treatment after your shampoo. So good for your hair. You'll love it! At beauty salons, cosmetic counters.

In jars or travel size tube



condition* by Clairol®

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6 hard-headed reasons to be soft-hearted and give a Polaroid Color Pack Camera for Christmas.



Soft-hearted? Look, once a year you're entitled to be that way. You've got a right to give him what you *know* his heart must be set on having. Maybe, though, you need a little support... a few hard-headed reasons for doing it...

1.

Magnificent color. Is he finicky about his pictures? Wait till he sees the color prints this camera delivers in just 60 seconds. The rich, clear reds, the deep browns, the subtle greens, the exceptionally faithful reproduction of delicate skin tones (they're the hardest). When he shoots black and white, he'll be just as happy about the crisp, detailed shots, the fine range of tonal values.

2.

Correct exposures—automatically. No guessing about lens openings or speeds, no fussing with meters. Even when you're shooting color flash, you get the right exposures *automatically*. Just focus and snap. The transistorized shutter, coupled with an electric eye, takes care of the rest. Actually measures the brief burst of the flash, makes the necessary calculations and sets the exposure accordingly! *All automatically.* Not even the most expensive cameras can do this.

3.

It's light, travels easily. For all its technical marvels, the Polaroid Color Pack Camera is small and compact. In fact, it weighs less than many 35mm models. But it delivers a big picture— $3\frac{1}{4}'' \times 4\frac{1}{4}''$. So it's great for trips and vacations.

4.

Loading is much, much easier. This camera uses a new kind of flat film pack (8 shots, color or black and white) that slips into the back. Takes all of 7 seconds. Focusing is easier, too. The precision rangefinder moves in the direction of your fingers. When the double images come together, you're in focus. Ready to shoot.

5.

New, lower-priced model. Now there are 2 Polaroid Color Pack Cameras. And the new one, you'll be glad to know, is substantially lower in price. But still substantially the same fine camera. We've dropped the chrome housing for the shutter and the fancy leather strap. But we've kept the transistorized shutter, the snap-pack loading, the lightness, the big-sized pictures. And the beautiful results.

6.

For the fun of it. This, of course, is the reason. This is what picture-taking is all about. Or should be. And is—with a Polaroid Land camera. The never-ending fun of seeing your pictures on the spot—color in 60 seconds, black and white in 10. So you see, you don't have to be so soft-hearted (and not so well-heeled, either) to give a Polaroid Color Pack Camera. Lots of hard-headed characters are doing it.

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Finding Out How the Famous Cope with Fame

"You know, it's hard to talk about all this," Elizabeth Taylor said to Associate Editor Richard Meryman Jr. "I'm not sure I should."

Miss Taylor was pausing for a moment, wondering whether she really wanted her deep secrets put down for everybody to read. She was in the midst of a series of interviews with Meryman which began in New York last summer, were carried on in automobiles, hotels, restaurants, were continued in Mexico—once during a torrential thunderstorm—and finally ended up last week in Paris. Meryman was pursuing a theme which has long fascinated him: fame! And what it means to the people who have it.

Aside from being our education and religion editor, Dick Meryman is intensely interested in stories on the human condition. The son of a well-known portrait and landscape painter and himself married to an artist, Dick was a second team All-America lacrosse player at Williams 17 years ago, is still a skilled trout fisherman and skier. Two and a half years ago he took on his first famous subject—Marilyn Monroe—and through a series of long, candid taped interviews in her California home, he was able to reveal Marilyn in all her gusto and warmth and uncertainty. Last spring Dick applied his painstaking interviewing technique to Sir Laurence Olivier to disclose what the world's greatest actor thought about his art, his beliefs, his hesitations. "Olivier is an overwhelming, awesome person," says Dick. "All the time I was with him I was aware of his volcanic quality. But he was extremely gracious. That seems to be a part of these people who are absolutely at the top of their professions."

In the beginning of Dick's interviews the talk is usually quite superficial. Then comes a period when the subjects begin to realize the possibilities that are here ready to express themselves. Marilyn needed the least amount of warm-up time; she had prepared herself and knew what she wanted to say. Always there is that last all-important interview, "You wait for it," says Dick, "and then suddenly it is happening; they have finally found the words to say the things they had wanted to say all along and it all comes out."

On the Elizabeth Taylor story which begins on page 74 of this issue, Dick worked with actor-photographer Roddy McDowall, a close friend of Miss Taylor's, who photographed our cover and the pictures inside the magazine. During the many hours of interviewing for the story Dick was struck by the complete attention that Elizabeth gave to him. Twice she cried—both times when she was discussing her reputation. At the end she said, "You did good." Says Dick, "I thought I'd never have another chance to hug Elizabeth Taylor, so I did, and her chronically bad back went SNAP. She looked up and said, 'That's all right, Liv. It felt good.'"



TAYLOR AND MERYMAN

George P. Hunt

GEORGE P. HUNT
Managing Editor

State Governments Better Shape Up

Louisiana's constitution is 227,000 words long and contains among other things a map of the entire state highway system. It has had to be amended 439 times. New Hampshire pays its state legislators \$100 a year. Alabama's legislature is permitted by law only one 36-day regular session every two years. The Florida legislature has 169 members and 96 standing committees.

The list is horrifying and much longer. With few exceptions, state government in this country is a mess, afflicted with archaic constitutions, ludicrous pay scales that openly encourage corruption and rickety tax structures. Ironically, however, it is precisely this most flaccid limb of the body politic which now bears increasing responsibility for running the nation's internal affairs. Unless some things can be done to wake it up, clean it up and invigorate it, Lyndon Johnson's Great Society—or any other hopeful future one chooses to project—might as well be dismissed right now as a fatuous pipe dream.

To be sure, one thing is being done. State government is in the midst of an upheaval probably more profound than any experienced in our history. The recent Supreme Court decision on reapportionment is forcing states to reorganize their legislatures on the basis of "one man, one vote." This has given rise (predictably) to agonies of doubletalk and evasion in practically every affected capital.

In Connecticut, for instance, political infighting continues despite a January deadline, after which a court-appointed master armed with a nonpartisan IBM machine may have to reapportion mechanically. New York and New Jersey are experimenting with schemes for fractional and weighted voting. A few states have tried electing representatives at large and others are simply trying to ignore the whole matter, hoping that something—maybe a constitutional amendment, unlikely in the new Democratic Congress—will force the Court to reverse its decision.

Whatever happens, legislatures will end up differently, and probably more fairly, composed. It remains to be seen whether they will then be better able to do their job. Certainly more ails the Illinois state legislature, to pick one glaring example, than the under-representation of Cook County. But reapportionment may at least jar them out of their coma.

It had better. The popular myth which says that creeping centralism has taken away from state government most of its important functions is simply not true.

In fact, state expenditures rose from 12% of the gross national product in 1958 to over 14% in 1962; in the same period, the federal share remained steady at 16%. And well over two-thirds of all federal spending is for defense, veterans' benefits and interest payments on the federal debt.

The states have had to bear the full blast of the population explosion. Educational and welfare expenses have skyrocketed, impoverishing some states and driving all into a flailing search for new tax sources. Specific federal grants—largest for highway construction and welfare—have taken up some of the slack, but a snell of desperation is in the air.

President Johnson has hinted that a revived federalism will be one aspect of his millennium and along this line has braided a suggestion by his former economic advisor, Walter Heller, that a portion of federal revenues be kicked back to the states, no strings attached. Some needier states would get more than others.

Fortunately, heavy political flak may already have dented the Heller plan. But the plan is worth noting as a perfect illustration of the wrong way to go about creating a vital federalism. Gift packages from Washington will only postpone the day when states must start making sense out of their own tax structures.

There has been far too little creative thinking about taxes below the federal level. The property tax system, financial pillar of local government, is a notorious boondoggle; under-assessment of land not only allows revenue to slither away but wreaks havoc with land-use planning. Most states tax incomes, but funds from this source amount to only a fifth of all state tax revenue. The greatest portion comes from sales taxes. If federal revenues become excessive, as the Heller plan implies, perhaps states ought to boost their own income taxes against a corresponding federal reduction. Were this done on a nationwide basis no state need worry about scaring away industry or investment.

The failure of many states to find fair means of financing themselves is ultimately a reflection of the decrepitude and torpor of their governmental mechanisms. It is here that the renaissance can and must begin. A few states, under the guidance of good governors and moved by a progressive spirit, have indicated that the status of their governments need not be hopeless. But all have far to go and most have yet to make a start.



Raggedy Ann

Raggedy Ann: Still Flouney at Fifty

Fifty years ago this month, a comic strip artist named Johnny Gruelle painted a face on an old rag doll and named it Raggedy Ann. Gruelle is no longer with us but Raggedy Ann may live forever. Dressed in her red-striped stockings, flouney white apron and flowered frock (beneath which resides a fat red heart labeled "I love You"), she has multiplied roughly 10 millionfold during her first half century.

Raggedy Ann's friendly and familiar face is likely to be an especial comfort to parents staking the toy stores this Christmas season and trying to comprehend the awful facts of infant affluence. Witness:

There are dolls which cry, talk, drink, wet their pants, play music and move. Baby Pattaburp burps when you pat her back. Scodda-Doo utters jive talk ("I dig that crazy beat, yeah!") and "Don't be a square!" when you pull her Chatty-Ring. Tressy's hair grows and can be washed, set, sprayed and (presumably) cut off.

Firearms include a gun which shoots sponge rubber balls around corners. The Mark V rifle converts into a whole arsenal firing anti-tank rockets and armor-piercing shells. Antiquarians may prefer the siege tower and catapult, or the entire Charge of the Light Brigade (216 pieces, made in Hong Kong, Cossacks included).

The Speedy Crasmbolie explodes when it hits a solid object. The Time Bomb puts fresh excitement into a simple game of catch. The Big Ear tunes in on conversations "blocks away" and a model U-2 comes equipped with a timer-controlled camera for aerial spying. An electrically operated mine field blows up tanks.

Then there is an object called Creeping Hand ("mysterious vinyl hand creeps and crawls") and the Monster Lab ("He growls, throws up his arms and drops his mask to reveal an eerie monster face"). For \$45 you can buy an actual soda fountain. For \$100 a "virtually impregnable backyard bastion." And so on.

But here is Raggedy Ann, still endaily and smiling, unchanged in spite of the frantic inventiveness all around her. Unchanged? Not quite; for two bucks extra she now comes with a music box inside.



The LADY REMINGTON® Shaver.
Such an intimate gift,
she'd hesitate to ask you for one.

Do you have to be asked?

Some things you just have to have the sense to sense.

Look at the opportunity. The LADY REMINGTON. The one Lady that adjusts for legs and underarms. Adjusts up, before she knows it, sensitive underarms are smoothed. (So gentle, she can use a deodorant right off without any irritation.)

Adjusts down, one, two, three, her legs feel smooth, look beautiful.

And this Lady has an on-off switch. Very handy. (Phone rings. Shaver off. No bother.)

The LADY REMINGTON. Dressed in its own "Swing-Away" boudoir case. Charming. With three pastel colors to choose from: orchid, blue or gold. Close your eyes and pick.

One closing thought. It will cost you a bit more to buy her the LADY REMINGTON. But if you've read this far, she must be worth it.

Another lovely lady . . . the cordless LADY REMINGTON® LEXTRONIC. Has two separate heads, one for underarms, one for legs. Also works with a cord if she forgets to recharge.

On the first day of Christmas I gave my true love



4 Roller Combs



756 whisker slots



348 cutting edges



1 powerful motor
that works
without a cord.*



All part of the cordless
REMINGTON® LEKTRONIC II.
(Beautifully gift-wrapped.)

I didn't mind
paying a bit more
one bit.

*Also works with a cord, if you forget to recharge.

LEKTRONIC: Trademark of Sperry Rand Corporation, REMINGTON ELECTRIC SHAVERS, BRIDGEPORT, CONN.

On the second day of Christmas
I got out of this without a scratch.





It's Good Old Christmas Eggnog time again!
(and here's a time-saving, taste-tempting way to make it)

- 1** Stir half a bottle of Dark or Light Bacardi Rum (about 12 ounces) into a quart of dairy eggnog mix.
- 2** Fold in one cup of heavy cream, whipped.
- 3** Chill, then stir and serve with a light sprinkling of nutmeg. This popular recipe makes 12 to 15 servings—and dry, light-bodied Bacardi makes every mellow drop of it traditional, jolly and delicious! Bacardi Eggnog? Um-m-m-m-m!



BACARDI
ENJOYABLE ALWAYS AND ALL WAYS

How come 1 out of every 4 people in Michigan is insured by Metropolitan Life?

When people in Michigan take out life insurance, they really want their money's worth.

That's what they get from Metropolitan.

We protect more people in Michigan—and in the world—than any other life insurance company.

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Another good reason for doing business with

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This is a down-to-earth analysis of your family's financial security. Sometimes it even turns up assets you never knew you had. Let a trained Metropolitan adviser do the job for you. Fast and free.

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There's no obligation... *except to those you love.*

More choose Metropolitan Life
millions more than any other company





Budweiser

It is the famous Budweiser beer the home of the finest production
of the world which comes in such to know and see the
original and famous production of beer, a masterpiece
of art which you will find in no other beer of any price.



CONTENTS 12 FL. OZ.

Budweiser.

LAGER BEER

*Brewed by our original process from the
choicest Hops, Rice and Best Barley Malt*

BREWED AND BOTTLED AT ST. LOUIS, MO. U.S.A. BY

Anheuser-Busch, Inc.

ST. LOUIS, LOS ANGELES, NEWARK, TAMPA

Why bother with a glass?

You don't *have* to pour Budweiser® into a glass. But we think you're missing something if you don't.

Take that fine head of foam, for instance. It's worth bothering with a glass just to get to *see* it.

But looks aren't everything. Letting those tiny bubbles get organized at the top of your glass has a lot to do with *taste*, too. We go to a barrel of trouble and expense to let Budweiser create its *own* bubbles with our exclusive Beechwood Ageing... with *natural* carbonation.

We admit it's a slow, finicky way to brew beer. Costly, too. (Our treasurer keeps reminding us of that.) But we think it's worth it. Brewing Budweiser this way gives you a beer with a brilliant taste, a clean aroma, wonderful clarity... and a head that lasts.

That's why, when our treasurer gets fussy, we just hand him a bottle of Bud... and a glass.

that Bud... that's beer!

ANHEUSER-BUSCH, INC. • ST. LOUIS • NEWARK • LOS ANGELES • TAMPA



*Finish dinner
with a flourish!*

smartest thing on the rocks



Rocks that don't melt symbolize the flavor of straight B&B. Eloquent. Magnificent. Dry. Yes, B&B is the *drier liqueur*. The only proper blend of B&B is made and bottled in the abbey at Fecamp, France. That's where exquisite Benedictine is blended with superb cognac to produce the perfect B&B. Benedictine's own B&B. Always uniform. Always delicious.

Rocks that melt symbolize the modern way to serve B&B. Easy. Informal. Refreshing. At your next dinner party, after coffee, serve B&B on the rocks. Here's a grand tradition with new appeal.



The drier liqueur

Let this seal be your guide to quality. 86 PROOF.

B AND B
BENEDICTINE BRANDY

LIFE REVIEW

**One Critic's Cherce—
from Bad to Worse**

In the following verses, Felicia Lampart, author of Scrap Irony, freelance critic of the lively arts and mistress of doggerel, surveys the past year in books, films, musicals and art.

Literary Surrey

When the first rays of dawn on a Somerset Maugham

Make the Frost-laden atmosphere mellow,
We can welcome the day in a new Hemingway
With a perfectly glorious Below.

How pleasant the soiree we spend in Le Carré
Where spies are too cold to be randy;
But the blackest of humor afflicts the consumer
Who gulps Southern comfort like Candy.

As the novelist pegs existentialist eggs
That explode in our Burroughs and hit us
Like Becketts of blood, we, in deep Malamud,
Try O'Hara the doggy that bit us.

The American Movie

There's nothing quite as likely to reduce one to a minium as
A solid week of savoring The Seven Deadly Cinemas:

The heavily significant symbolic masterwork,
That's low on rationality but very high on murk,
The multimillion vision of the Bible as a spectacle,
The dedicated cop who's always able to deflect a kill,
The horror film that wallows in the lowest ebb of taste,
The Doris Day-bris flung about to keep that lady chaste,
The fantasy with nothing but a bag of camera tricks in it,
The moralizing tale of sex that's played for all the kicks in it,
The Hollywood handling of a current social theme—
But television's deadlier. To sleep, perchance to dream!

The French Film

The vagueness of the *nouvelle vague*
Made audiences pettifog
As, after every viewing,
They tried to dissipate the smog,
Identify and catalogue
Precisely what was doing,
And fought each other tooth and claw
Constructing what each thought he saw.

Now comes this cheering prophecy:
The wave that made too rough a sea
For simple folk to soak in
Is due to ebb. What ecstasy!
We need not break our necks to see
The *nouvelle vague*; it's broken.
It grew too turgid, too perverse
And went from *Marinbad* to worse.

The Musical

Dramaturgy's lacking vigor, but the musical can trigger
Figures bigger than a foreign grant-in-aid.
Though reviewers tend to scoff it's just the thing to bring in profits:
It's immense with the expense-account brigade.

It's what all the buyers go for and get chauffeured to a show for,
Paying heavy *quid pro quo* for every seat;
Being lavishly exchequered, buyers also buy the record
Since they like to bring the kiddies home a treat.

CONTINUED



Yardley puts bath oil



and soap



and powder



and clouds of heavenly cologne



and dozens of other sweet-scented gifts into dazzling holiday boxes. Wouldn't she love to get one for Christmas?
Yardley Gift Sets, \$1.75 to \$15.00.

“Beautiful”



“Ballantine’s”



“mm-m-m-m!”



Most-gifted Scotch—
Ballantine's. You can give
Ballantine's Scotch proudly
in its distinguished presentation
package. It's always appreciated—
for its famous name and its remarkably
smooth and light taste. That's why
you and your holiday guests will
thoroughly enjoy it, too. Available
in gift-wrapped fifths, quarts and
(where legal) half-gallons.

REVIEW CONTINUED

Though reviews may not be glowing, once a show starts S.R.O.ing

All we o-so-in-the-knowing folks are lit
By the urge to see what's cooking, for we'd rather take a rooking
Than the risk of overlooking any hit.

So we see some classic chopped up with whatever songs have popped up
And its weakest portions propped up by ballets.
Though the ops like as not'll make a hash of Aristotle
And his theory of unities—it pays.

For the integrated chorus does our social duty for us,
And the book, though it may bore us from the start.
Has a heroine who's shrewish, but so wise, so warm, so Jewish
That you're eras if you don't clasp her to your heart.

The Art World

The art salesman quivered as workmen delivered
An odd-looking mass to his store
Made of flyherk and fish in pernicious condition
And beetles bespattered with gore.

"Remove it!" he screamed as his eyes and nose streamed
And he stamped on the thing with a thump.
"People frequently make the disgraceful mistake
Of confusing this place with the dump,

"On the grounds that they see nothing here but debris."
He grimaced at the blob on the floor.
"Don't just drop that, kerplunk, take it straight to the junk
Yard, located, it happens, next door."

As the workmen broke up the object they spoke,
And their words gave the salesman a start:
"Sure, that's just what we thought, though your damnfool boss plunked
Out ten grand for this glop of pop art."

by Felicia Lampart

LIFE TV REVIEW

Everybody His Own Quarterback

When your neighbor leans over your TV set and murmurs, "Watch. He'll call a 51 Rip Post Y Left Post Corner"—don't call the wagon. Your neighbor has not flipped. He has merely learned that "51" is a pass pattern, "Rip Post" sends the spread end toward the goal post, "Y Left" tells the tight end to run out 10 yards and cut left, "Post Post Corner" assigns the flanker back to fake toward the goal post and break for the sideline.

Your neighbor learned all this because TV sports directors, unlike many of their colleagues, assay their 27 million viewers as intelligent, not-to-be-conned fans. Their extraordinary coverage in sight and sound has resulted in the most exciting televi-

sion—of any kind—seen this year.

The most intriguing new device is the "isolated camera." With it, directors assign one camera to follow one player only—the spread end, say—through one sequence of action. The camera feeds onto a videotape recorder and if the director has guessed right, and the spread end is the focal point of the action, it can be played back instantly for the viewer, who may have been watching someone else. If the play is a bust the networks can simply erase it and forget it. There is not a coach in football who doesn't wish he could do the same.

The "shotgun mike" brings the viewer closer to the game than a 50-yard-line seat in the stadium. Man-handled up and down the sidelines and pointed at the action, it picks up grunts, groans and "saddles"—last minute signal changes made by quarterbacks or defense men.

Nearly complementing game coverage are hours of air time devoted to game highlights, play techniques and interviews with coaches and players. Here you learn about blitzes (also called whammys, pluggers and thun-



Effective immediately

For the woman who dares to be different.

CONTINUED

Milk of Magnesia is the laxative doctors recommend and



Lots of people think the mint flavor in Phillips' Milk of Magnesia is the best thing that's happened to laxatives in a long time. It makes the world's best laxative the best tasting, too.

Even more important, doctors recommend milk of magnesia. We asked thousands of doctors, "Do you ever recommend milk of magnesia?" The overwhelming majority said, "Yes!"

Like regular Phillips', Mint-Flavored Phillips' is both a laxative and an antacid, so it relieves both irregularity and acid indigestion. Yet it's so gentle, it's ideal for all ages.

So get Mint-Flavored Phillips' Milk of Magnesia and prove to yourself that the world's best laxative is the best tasting, too!

REGULAR OR MINT-FLAVORED



REVIEW CONTINUED

ders) and how line and cornerbacks crash in on quarterbacks according to prearranged plans like Red, Blue, Green and Safety Dogs (there is one called Super Dog when everyone goes). He can learn about the shotgun formations: the T (Split, Wing, Tight, Double Wing); pass patterns (Bomb, Home Run, Alley Oop, Buttonhook, Screen, Flare, Comeback); ends (Rip, Port, Láz, Rise for spread ends, X, Y, Eight and Nine for tight ends); and about guards (Harry, Joe, A, O, Haw) doing a "pinch" or a

"squeeze" with the tackles (outside, offside, strong or weak).

The fans are constantly pressing the networks to deliver the best. They were responsible this season for the fall from grace of *The Man in the Red Hat*. This fellow, not necessarily a qualified football observer, once roamed the sidelines wearing a red hat. The act of removing it signaled the officials that television needed time out for a commercial. When the fans found out about this they rode Red Hat unmercifully—at home and

in the stadium. This season a time-out caller still roams the sidelines, but he is cleverly disguised and under orders never to call a time out if it might affect a team's momentum.

I would like to suggest another area ripe for improvement. The day may soon come when it will be a federal offense for an announcer to remark that "Football fever is really riding high here this fall." Such jargon is old-hat to the new football viewer and a lingering blot on the remarkably high standards TV has set.

by John R. McDermott

LIFE MOVIE REVIEW

The Painful Pleasure of Suspense

SCENCE ON A WET AFTERNOON

It is a subtle and a recalcitrant truth that pleasure, even in normal individuals, is frequently associated with pain. The guppy, whose first approach to mating is to bite the rear end of the other fish, found this out long ago. Writers also have been aware of it for centuries and have successfully devised a number of methods of their own for giving pain-pleasure to their readers. The most effective of these is to present the reader, first of all, with a sympathetic character—a child, perhaps, or a gentle young woman or a kindly old man—and having done that, the writer proceeds to put this sympathetic character in extreme jeopardy. Thus anxiety and apprehension are created in the reader's mind, and if the writer he skillful, he will increase the jeopardy and prolong the agony to a point where the narrative becomes painful to read. At this stage, he will pause to sow a tiny little seed of false hope, and the reader will start to relax. Then, slowly, the screws will begin to be turned again, tighter and tighter and tighter, to the limit of the writer's ability; and this, as we all know, is called "suspense."

By creating suspense, the writer is simply playing upon the subconscious masochistic instincts of his reader. He is torturing him. And if the torture is expertly applied, the reader will cry out, "I can't stand it, not for another moment! Oh, isn't it wonderful!"—and he will read on.

Good suspense, prolonged to its utmost limits, is not easy to write. Even in a short story that takes no longer than 20 or 25 minutes to read, it is extraordinarily difficult to accomplish. And if somebody had come to me a week ago and told me that a writer and two actors had made a film in which an atmosphere of absolutely non-stop, unrelieved, ever-mounting suspense had been successfully maintained over a period of no less than one hour and 55 minutes, I would have said, "It can't be true. The tension must begin to sag somewhere. It must!" But now that I have seen Kim Stanley and Richard Attenborough in *Séance on a Wet Afternoon*, I know that the miracle has been accomplished.

I refuse to discuss the plot except to say that it concerns a weak husband and his domineering, mentally deranged wife, and also a child who is kidnaped. If you are going to go and see the film, and I hope you are, then it would be foolish of me to tell you any more.

As a study in suspense, this film must surely be a kind of classic. It is also a perfect demonstration of the fact that the most effective suspense is invariably created in a low key and without any violence at all. For me, at any rate, the screws was turned and turned and turned so remorselessly that there came a point about three quarters of the way through when my compassionate instincts (as the father of children) rebelled against my love of pain-pleasure, and I said to myself, "I really can't stand this any longer. I want to get out." But I stayed in my seat, and I was glad I did.

The acting of Kim Stanley and Richard Attenborough is of a very high order. What a pleasure it is to see two such splendid, subtle, intelligent performances on the screen at the same time, with both players com-

plementing one another so beautifully. Richard Attenborough, a small, portly Englishman, comes onto the screen looking like a well-nourished muskrat who has been dressed up in human clothes by Beatrix Potter. But in the very first moments he had me spellbound. His is the least menacing of the two parts, yet in everything he does, the way he walks down the stairs or seats himself in a bus or stares silently at his wife across the room, he manages continually in some magical manner to intensify the atmosphere of suspense and doom. And Kim Stanley, who, as everybody on Broadway knows, is one of the most gifted actresses of her generation, here dominates her seely little husband in the gentlest and most sinister fashion imaginable. With a seraphic smile she forces him to do the most terrible things, and I think that many a husband in the audience, after watching Stanley's performance, will look rather carefully at his own wife the next time she gives him her sweetest, most angelic smile.

A great deal of the applause must obviously go to English actor Bryan Forbes, Attenborough's close friend and collaborator, for he is not only the writer of the script but also directed the film. With both, he has done a superb job, and he has proved, if any more proof be needed, that a fine script-writer and a fine director and fine actors of only moderate fame will make far better films than glamorous world-famous stars of only moderate ability.

Attenborough and Forbes are a two-man film company. Nobody interferes with them or gives them orders. Both men are extremely bright, and they make a potent combination. *Séance* cost \$120,000 to make, which is peanuts by Hollywood standards. In the U.S. it will be seen in art houses first, and the distributor, appropriately, is Artie Shaw—the old maestro himself.

Well, Artie didn't blow this one.

by Roald Dahl



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Prepared by the TIME-LIFE Washington staff,
edited by LIFE Bureau Chief Richard Stolley

J. EDGAR'S FUTURE

President Johnson was indeed irritated by a public pronouncement made by J. Edgar Hoover. At one time he seriously considered replacing the head of the FBI, but the decision is now on the back burner for at least a year.

Hoover's criticism of the Warren Report turned out, on reflection, to have some merit: he opposed over-surveillance, by the FBI or anybody else. He also made up with the Rev. Martin Luther King, whom he had called a liar. And then Hoover's agents arrested those 21 suspects in Mississippi (see pp. 34-39).

Criticism is rarely invoked against Hoover, and when it is, the criticism usually backfires. It backfired this time, partly because the President dislikes having his hand forced. So once again the FBI chief demonstrated his talent for political survival.

The man long regarded as the logical successor to Hoover does retire, is Cartha DeLoach, a 22-year FBI veteran. But another name has popped up: Kenny O'Donnell, close friend and political adviser to John F. Kennedy. O'Donnell was a competent labor racket investigator and is liked and respected in official Washington. His Kennedy ties may be too binding, however, to qualify him for such an important appointment in a Johnson administration.

SENATE RUMBLE

The U.S. Senate is a gentler place in the public view, and that is the view senators like. Seniority does count for a great deal in "the world's most exclusive club"; committee assignments are more or less automatic if a man has been there long enough. But in private battles for the really important jobs, senators are not at all above courthouse-style infighting. One such rumble is going on right now. It concerns who will succeed Vice President Hubert Humphrey as Democratic whip.

The whip is the chief aide to the majority leader and his job is to enforce party discipline on important issues and key votes. Three strongly contrasting senators want that post.

One of them is the soft-spoken Russell Long of Louisiana. Another is the spellbinding orator, John Pastore of Rhode Island. The third is a determined and dedicated Oklahoman, A. S. ("Mike") Monroney.

Long is now ahead. He began rounding up comments from his colleagues even before the last session of Congress ended. His method was old and effective: the gentle hand on the lapel, the affable voice of persuasion.

There are 68 Democrats in the new Senate, and Long says he has a 30-31 first-ballot vote. This figure includes 17 expectable votes from Long's southern friends, plus—on

the basis of his consistent support for social-welfare legislation—liberals from New Mexico's Clinton Anderson, who is managing Long's campaign.

Long is well liked in the Senate. Pastore is abstruse and aloof, an acid debater, and senators who have been scarred in oratorical battle with Pastore don't warm to him as whip. In announcing his candidacy for the job, Pastore didn't help himself by sending his colleagues a mass-printed form letter signed by a special signature-writing machine. No groundswell of support developed, so Pastore returned grumpily. "I've always felt this is something that comes to you. You don't go to it."

Then Mike Monroney came out swinging for the job, surprising the Senate by doing so. For years Monroney lived as a junior senator in the shadow of Oklahoma's mighty Robert S. Kerr. Even after Kerr's death two years ago, Monroney was slow to assert himself. But this autumn he took over Democratic leadership in his state and campaigned hard for the whole ticket.

Plunging into the whip race, Monroney had three new phone lines run into his Oklahoma City office, and his aides got on the horn to Democratic senators all over the world. Monroney woke Foreign Relations Chairman J. W. Fulbright of Arkansas from a sound sleep in Belgrade at 2 a.m. to ask for his vote. "I didn't get it," Monroney admitted. "I think he was a bit irked that I didn't realize the difference in time." But Monroney added, "I want this job and the only way I know to get it is to fight."

In Washington he stalked colleagues in their offices, in the corridors and in the Senate dining room. He began to look a bit worn down. "I haven't smoked for two years," he said between nervous puffs on a cigarette. Two packs by opened on his desk.

Last week Monroney, touring Pacific military bases, was fast draining a special fund set up by friends back home to pay for transoceanic phone calls to undecided senators. Russell Long conceded that Monroney may have lined up a dozen votes.

"I'll have a big telephone bill this month too," said Long. "Some of us may have bloody noses before this is over, but I still think I'll win."

Across the Hill another fight is getting under way—among House of Representatives Republicans. A beleaguered bunch of G.O.P. survivors of Johnson's landslide would love to dump Indiana's Charles Halleck as minority leader. There are two practical possibilities to replace Halleck



► Biggest social event in Washington last week was a White House dinner given for British Prime Minister Harold Wilson, shown here with the President and Mrs. Johnson, Lynda Bird Johnson (left) and Mrs. Dean Rusk. Wilson arrived with a working party of 30—but no valet. "Why," he said, "I must be the only prime minister there's ever been who cleans his own shoes!"

—Michigan's Gerald Ford Jr. and Wisconsin's Melvin Laird, in that order. Both Ford and Laird are conservatives, but both have established themselves as constructive legislators. They appeal to Republicans who consider Halleck a negative thinker and who resent the drill-sergeant discipline he imposes whenever a Democratic bill comes up from the White House.

If the rebels are to make their move, the time is Jan. 4, when a conference of all House Republicans is due. To beat back the revolt, Halleck went to Gettysburg and called for "unity" from General Eisenhower's farm. He plans a second visit, but even an appeal from Ike's front porch may not save Halleck this time.

WHITE COLLIE

When Her, the White House beagle, swallowed an ordinary stone on the lawn and died, the President got 300 dog offers from people who wanted to make sure the other beagle, Him, had a playmate. The offers were all refused. Him already has a playmate. It is Blanco, a skittish, all-white collie named for Johnson's home county in Texas. His registered name, however is Leader Blair Jamie (LBJ) of Eden.

Blanco has been so overshadowed by those publicly hounded, the beagles, that his presence at the White House was little known. He was given to President Johnson a year ago by 9-year-old Lois Nelson of Woodstock, Ill. Lois, whose parents own a kennel specializing in white collies, sent the collie pup to Johnson, she said, "to cheer your lonely job up."

Blanco was born in a litter of eight,

two weeks early and during a tornado. An attendant at the birth, realizing that some dog breeders regard white collies as freaks, said, "I guess you don't want this one." The Nelsons hastily said they wanted the white one most of all. A veterinarian gave the tiny pup no chance to survive.

Although the President has never lavished upon him the public affection he has shown for the beagles, Blanco apparently leads a happy, healthy life. Once a day he eats a big meal of dog foods, milk, and to keep his coat glossy, gobs of bacon grease. His caretaker, White House electrician Traphes Bryant, occasionally subdues Blanco long enough to give him a bath.

Cost of keeping Blanco is about \$75 a month, paid for out of Lyndon Johnson's own pocket. And Blanco occupies the most esteemed doghouse in the land.

JOE VALACHI'S CHRISTMAS

For 15 months Cosa Nostra stool pigeon Joe Valachi has been held in protective custody, and the Justice Department still doesn't know what to do with him.

"The underworld is watching to see how well we protect Valachi," said a Justice spokesman. "We can keep him in isolation forever, but sending him to a federal prison would be like signing his death warrant. If the syndicate manages to kill him, as they've promised, we'll never get anybody else to cooperate with us. It's a hell of a problem."

Since his September 1963 televised testimony, Valachi has lived in a cozy two-room suite in what was once death row in the District of Columbia jail. He has chintz curtains on the barred windows, television in the corner, and a hot plate on which he's allowed to brew coffee and whip up spaghetti and meat balls. His health is excellent, his weight a spare 160 and his muscles trim from a half hour of isometric exercises every morning. He scans the daily papers for stories about his old cronies in crime. A few letters still come in, mostly from religious fanatics urging him to repent and middle-aged housewives who think he is exciting.

His visitors are lawyers from the Organized Crime section of Justice and FBI agents who occasionally ask him to identify the picture of some mobster.

For this, his second Christmas in isolation, Valachi will get a fancy dinner and a gift from the boys in Justice. Last year they gave him an electric razor, and he was quite touched.

"When I was a kid, I hung up my stocking every Christmas," Valachi recalls. "But I never even got an apple. So I'm going to ask you to give me up Christmas morning and offer me a glass of whisky."

Columian Shena Alexander ("The Feminine Eye") is ill. Until she recovers, this report will alternate with Loudon Wainwright's "The View from Here."

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

EARLY READING

Sirs:

I am well aware that newborn babies have large heads, but they are not all head, as Mr. Doman seems to imply in *Lita's* article on early reading (Nov. 27); babies have bodies also. "Our first teachers in natural philosophy," says Rousseau, "are our feet, our eyes, and our hands." A child learns by going out into the world and experiencing what is offered there. He should have time to run around in the physical world, to discover all its—and his—potentials. The Doman method is itself a gigantic playpen which only limits the child's experience.

We should give the child a chance to feel his way into the world before we press it neatly between book covers.

PATRICIA PICCIARELLI
Jackson Heights, N.Y.

Sirs:

If Mrs. Grumbles' daughter, only 8 months old, really prefers books, Mrs. Grumbles should seriously question the kind of toys she is giving her child. A child of this age normally seeks and needs meaningful experience at manipulating his environment. Good toys serve this function.

Language is only one of a number of ways to learn about the world in which we live. Further, the intelligent use of language is dependent upon meaningful sensory referents that come only with experience—experience that involves all of the senses.

HOMER J. DITTMER
Lexington, Mass.

► Dr. Doman also works at developing children's physical skill as told in *Lita's* article "Return to Babyhood" (Aug. 23, 1963).—ED.

VIETNAM

Sirs:

The most meritorious job in Vietnam as the situation is described in *Lita's* Nov. 27 issue is certainly the AID program as practiced by such men as Mr. Warne. For we cannot win the civil war and establish a lasting peace in a critical area if we overlook the needs of illiterate, miserable peasants. They represent 80% of the population and are exploited by 10% of the cities' middle and upper classes, whose duty it is to make the peasants' lot better through education and social reforms, but who do not care. In such areas the

poor peasantry is the decisive tool in the hands of Communists.

ROBERT B. SOUMAR
New York, N.Y.

Sirs:

Your lowdown brass panel on the Vietnam problems rings hollow. Our policy of retaining Southeast Asia as "a free area of the world" means more than a prolonged attempt to ram a decidedly undemocratic puppet regime down Oriental throats.

STEPHEN LUPIER
Signal Mountain, Tenn.

Sirs:

I have just read your report on Captain Gillespie's part in the Vietnam war. I knew him briefly when I was a student at the artillery school at Fort Sill, Oklahoma and he was an instructor in the tactics department.

One day when we were ambushed on a practice exercise, the student officers merely sat in the vehicles waiting for orders. The following day at the critique of the exercise Captain Gillespie made a statement I shall never forget. He said: "If you stay in those trucks, you'll die in them. Assume the offensive." He is doing just that.

F. PAUL QUATROMONI
Hyde Park, Mass.

EDITORIAL: THE G.O.P.

Sirs:

In essence your editorial seems to suggest that we 26 million Republicans play dead by compromising, if not capitulating, to the eight million so-called Republicans who deserted us. Come now, you know that real Americans are made of better stuff than that!

ART BAZATA
Denver, Colo.

Sirs:

We voted for Johnson not because we backed him or his aims without question, but because we were not willing to gamble on Goldwater personally. However, "in our hearts" we didn't feel that he was all wrong.

Now that the election is over, we, who have always been independent voters, intend to register Republican and offer our services. We feel that the way our country is drifting poses a threat to individual freedom and sense of responsibility—both moral and financial. We think that the moderate, conservative leaders of the Republican party realize this. If the leaders of the Demo-

cratic party are aware of this trend, they don't seem to care.

M. L. HALL
Pueblo, Colo.

LIFE REVIEWS: ART OR ANARCHY

Sirs:

In his review of Huntington Hartford's book, *Art or Anarchy* (Nov. 27), Brian O'Doherty credits as 19th Century-ish Mr. Hartford's credo that the artist "must lead us to the beautiful, to the ideal and into the realm of the emotions." Let Mr. Hartford rest secure. He has the backing of the centuries. That credo was good enough for the Greeks and the Renaissance.

RAZULFALL RAMADIS
New London, Conn.

Sirs:

The art "establishment," for all its vagardism, has gotten reactionary of late and frowns on any art forms save those approved of by the pundits like Brian O'Doherty. If Mr. Hartford subjects art to the quick as Mr. Doherty claims, he at least gets it out of the claque which Mr. Doherty represents.

WALLACE BRUCE DOUGLAS
Elmton, N.Y.

RUDOLF NUREYEV

Sirs:

Thanks for your fabulous article on Nureyev (Nov. 27) and for other articles that keep your readers abreast of the world of culture as well as the world of science, sports, etc.

JERE HOLLIDAY
New Orleans, La.

Sirs:

You say "not since the now legendary Nijinsky and Anna Pavlova danced together" has there been such a great team as Nureyev and Fonteyn. I am curious about this. Following my demobilization from the British army in 1919-20, I became a devoted follower of the Russian ballet headed by Nijinsky and Karasvina and saw them both many times in everything in which they danced. But before W.W.I my father took me to see Anna Pavlova. At this time Pavlova was no longer a member of the Russian ballet but was giving solo performances or duets with Mordkin. Time plays tricks with memories but I find my earliest memories to be the sharpest, particularly when they relate to as great an artist as Nijinsky,

who even inspired me to go to ballet school. (And no waste of time, if nothing else, it taught me to move gracefully in and out of costume, something I miss in our young actors today.) But to the best of my knowledge Nijinsky never danced with Pavlova. If they ever did so I should be deeply interested to know when and where.

BASIL RATHBONE
New York, N.Y.

► Pavlova danced with Nijinsky often, in Russia and Europe from 1909-1911. Her London appearance with him was in 1911 at the Theatre Royal in Covent Garden.—ED.

PAINTED REVERIES

Sirs:

LIFE came today and the pictures of Mrs. Teal's paintings (Nov. 27) brought a rush of warm memories.

Few people remember? I live in this new housing project for the elderly. On fine summer evenings they sit out and enjoy just reminiscing—do you remember the first taste of an orange?

Thank you for publishing those lovely pictures.

CHRISTINE MACK
Natick, Mass.

MISCELLANY

Sirs:

Your Miscellany features (Nov. 27) brought both astonishment and reminiscences.

Sousa's big contribution to the tuba world came when he took the old Helms bass, and turned the bell straight up to get a smooth organ tone for the concert band. I will remember the majestic appearance of the bell-up Sousaphones in the 1920s, looking like great silver lilies at the back of his band. The next big change came when the Sousaphone bell was turned another 90° to face forward to direct the tone in the same manner as the other brass instruments, for the marching band.

What is the history of the great upright tuba shown in your picture?

C. E. ROWE
Brandenburg, Ky.

► The giant tuba is an experimental model built in Germany for the Sousa concert band's world tour in the early 1900s. Left in Europe when Sousa returned to the U.S., it languished in the basement of a London music firm until bought by Snyder 6 months ago.—ED.

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"BURRA-GURU." Indian hands reach out in greeting to the "burra-guru" (great holy man) as the Pope's car, a gift from Notre Dame alumni, pushes through tumultuous crowds.



A 'pilgrim of peace' enters the gateway to Asia in

POPE'S HISTORIC



a plea for better understanding among all faiths

PASSAGE TO INDIA

SPLendor OF PRIESTS. At open-air ceremony newly ordained Indian priests await papal blessing before a soaring altar. The clock tower at left is a landmark of Bombay University.



WITH LEADERS. The Pope chats animatedly with India's Hindu Prime Minister Shastri as India's Moslem

Vice President Zakir Hussain (left) and Valerian Cardinal Gracias (right), the Archbishop of Bombay, look on.

WITH THE MULTITUDE. Bestowing his benedictions from an open Jeep, the Pope arrives at late afternoon in

Bombay's Oval, where a crowd of 125,000 has gathered for a ceremony of consecration for six new bishops.



'AN APOSTLE ON THE MOVE'

In Bombay Pope Paul VI received the most tumultuous welcome that India has ever bestowed upon a foreign visitor. Less than a year after his unprecedented visit to the Holy Land (LIFE, Jan. 17), the Pontiff was again fulfilling his description of himself as "an apostle on the move." This time his mission was to carry his message of spiritual brotherhood to the Far East where no Pope before him had ever gone. The occasion was the 38th International Eucharistic Congress, a Catholic function, but the Pope used it to continue his dialogue with all religions.

Of India's 470 million population, only six and a half million are Catholics. But the millions who thronged to see him—the mighty and the lowly—included Moslems, Hindus, Buddhists, Jains, Sikhs, Zoroastrians, Jews and Protestants. Naga tribesmen in feathered headdresses waited alongside Indian nuns, pristine in white, for a glimpse of the "burra-guru." In the words of the Pope himself, India is "a nation that has sought God with a relentless desire."

For three and a half days the Pope made his rounds in Bombay like a busy parish priest. He gave 30 speeches, consecrated six new bishops from five continents, visited orphanages and hospitals, gave \$80,000 for various charities.

His visit was a massive personal triumph. India's President Radhakrishnan expressed "great satisfaction" with the way the Roman Church was working towards "one common family of God." Prime Minister Shastri called the Pope "a very impressive figure and a very polite person." One Indian girl remembers him simply as "that nice little man from Rome."

But in the long run it was India's impact on the Pope that may have more significance for the Church and for the world. In the nightmare of Bombay's slums the Pope saw at firsthand the population explosion at its most explosive. And he was moved to tears—a fact that might have bearing on the Church's present grappling with the problem of birth control.

CONTINUED



BLESSING. At a shrine near Bombay the Pope blesses a baby and mother from a fishing village 26 miles from

Bombay. Many Catholics embarked on month-long pilgrimages to get to Bombay in time to see the Pope.

GIVING. Pope acknowledges homage of patients in hospital to which he just gave radio-therapy equipment.



UNITY IN PRAYER. "May He make of us the one family of His children," the Pope told a meeting of leaders of Hinduism, Islamism and other non-Christian faiths in Bombay. All over the city people seemed to respond in one common attitude of prayer. At Bombay's Oval (*below*) a quarter of a million gathered to hear him conduct a special mass for the sick from the great white altar. At right, an orphan boy reverently clutches a candle and a woman says the rosary during the Pope's visit to a neighborhood parish. At center right, the Pope enacts the Stations of the Cross during a symbolic ceremony at the Oval. At far right, Indian Catholics worship at Cathedral of the Holy Name, next door to residence Pope stayed in during visit.





DAY OF ACCUSATION IN



MISSISSIPPI

THE ARRAIGNMENT. Eighteen of the 21 white Mississippians implicated in the murder of three civil rights workers were arraigned before a U.S. commissioner in Meridian. Sprawled up front, defendant Lawrence Rainey,

Neshoba county sheriff, said, "Hey, let's have some Red Man"—and bit off a cheek-filling plug. His deputy (and codefendant), Cecil Price, holding a bail application, smiled and other defendants and spectators laughed.



LINEUP IN THE LYNCH CASE—AND THE

THE CIVIL RIGHTS WORKERS WHO WERE SLAIN



ANDREW GOODMAN



MICHAEL SCHWERNER



JAMES CHANEY



U.S. COMMISSIONER
ESTHER CARTER



BERNARD LEE AKIN, 50

Owner of a trailer agency in Meridian, he is a member of the Ku Klux Klan.



OLEN LOVELL BURRAGE, 34

He owns a trucking company and the farm where the lynch victims were buried.



EDGAR RAY KILLEN, 39

A "free will" Baptist preacher, he ran for county sheriff, was defeated by Rainey.



FRANK J. HERNDON, 46

Operator of a drive-in restaurant, he was Exalted Cyclops of Meridian's Klan.



JAMES THOMAS HARRIS, 30

An Army veteran, he is a Meridian bread salesman and a Klan "investigator."



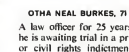
HERMAN TUCKER, 36

A Philadelphia contractor, he built the dam that covered the victims' bodies.



OLIVER R. WARNER JR., 54

Alabama-born and operator of a Meridian drive-in grocery, he is a Klan member.



OTHA NEAL BURKES, 71

A law officer for 25 years, he is awaiting trial in a prior civil rights indictment.

These Mississippians, and the two law officers shown on the preceding pages, were accused by the FBI of having engineered the lynch murder of three civil rights workers near the town of Philadelphia last June. Arrested, the 21 men were suddenly—though perhaps temporarily—set free of charges against them by the surprise decision of a U.S. commissioner.

They had been rounded up after a five-month FBI investigation which started with the disappearance of the workers, then the shocking discovery of their bodies in a newly built earthen dam near Philadelphia. The FBI concluded that the lynching had been planned and carried out by the Ku Klux Klan. But murder is not a federal crime (unless committed on U.S. property), and state authorities showed no haste to prosecute. So the men were charged with violating a federal law prohibiting conspiracy against citizens' rights.

Having arraigned the men, the Justice Department ran into a legal snag. At a preliminary hearing, U.S. Commissioner Esther Carter refused to admit testimony about a confession the FBI said had been made by one of the 21, Horace Barnett. And she dismissed the charges against the accused. Stunned, the department moved to take the charges before a grand jury—and the main effect of her ruling was to delay the case. But it brought cries from civil rights groups that justice is impossible in Mississippi. Martin Luther King, in Oslo receiving the Nobel Prize, demanded an economic boycott of the state.

These eight—and Sheriff Rainey—were called parties to the conspiracy



CHARGES

*These nine men—
and Deputy Price—
were named as
members of the
lynch mob*



TRAVIS M. BARNETTE, 36
Born near Philadelphia, he now lives in Meridian where he operates a small garage.



ALTON WAYNE ROBERTS, 26
A Meridian tavern bouncer, he got a Marine bad conduct discharge for drunkenness.



JIMMY K. ARLEDGE, 27
Now a truck driver in Meridian, he left high school after his sophomore year.



JIMMY SNOWDEN, 31
He attended a Mississippi college, served in Army, is a Meridian laundry driver.



JERRY MCGREW SHARPE, 21
A dropout from Philadelphia's high school, he runs a pulpwood supply house.



BILLY WAYNE POSEY, 28
A gas station operator near Philadelphia, he is nephew of Neshoba's county jailer.



JIMMY LEE TOWNSEND, 17
Youngest of defendants, he left high school this year to work in a gas station.



HORACE D. BARNETTE, 25
He is a former auto parts salesman who, says FBI, confessed to a part in crime.



JAMES E. JORDAN, 38
A Klansman who lived in Meridian, he works in construction in Gulfport, Miss.



*This pair was accused
of withholding facts*



EARL B. AKIN, 32

He is partner with his father, also a defendant, in a trailer agency in Meridian.



TOMMY A. HORNE, 28

A plumbing contractor in Bonita, Miss., he once attended University of Miami.

A STRANGE, TIGHT LITTLE TOWN, LOATH

by DAVID NEVIN

PHILADELPHIA, MISS. There is little sign that the conscience of this clean and prosperous little town has been touched by murder. Lawrence Rainey is still sheriff and Cecil Price is still deputy; if anything, their arrest in connection with the killing of three decent young men seems to have increased their popularity.

"It took me an hour to get to work this morning," Price said the day after his arrest. "I had to spend so much time shaking hands."

Having posted his bond on the charges, Rainey was on the job as usual last week and nothing really had changed. He fretted about the condition of the county's fire extinguishers. He listened patiently to a townsman who came in to talk and counseled her gently. He nosed about for an illegal moonshine still and reflected on the drunks who take up his time. Rainey is a heavy man with a hard face and a quick catlike way of moving. He roams about in his big gray Oldsmobile hung with the trappings of his office—siren, red light, loudspeaker, armament, gill-lettered doors. Everywhere he went last week men smiled and nodded and shook his hand and told him they were on his side.

This is a strange, tight little town. Its fear and hatred of things and ideas that come from the outside is nearly pathological. As the stranger walks its streets, hostile eyes track him as a swivel gun tracks a target. Yet it is quiet and there is even a certain uniform sense of self-contentment in its conviction that all its troubles are caused by outsiders—by reporters; by militant, uppity Negroes; by the federal government. Philadelphia is barely willing to admit that an inhuman crime did take place, and it is quite unable to feel any collective guilt. It is, in short, a town which has deluded itself endlessly and which is still doing so.

Hardly a Philadelphian will admit even the possibility of a strong Ku Klux Klan organization. Yet in one night last March a large, well-printed bulletin, offering 20 reasons for joining the Klan, was dropped on the porch of nearly every white, non-Catholic home in Neshoba county. It stated bluntly: "Either you're for us or you're for the NAACP." Just a month later eight crosses were burned simultaneously at scattered locations in Philadelphia. It was the Klan's triumphant expression of success: it meant that local Klav-

erns were formed and operating.

Crosses burned in more than 60 Mississippi counties that month. Yet Mississippi had never been a notably strong Klan state. The Klan's swift growth came out of the genuine hysteria that followed announcement of the Council of Federated Organizations (COFO) of summer project, an "invasion" of 800 northern college students coming to help stimulate Negroes to register to vote. But to the insular, frightened Mississippians, it spelled disaster. They visualized a veritable slave uprising—militant Negroes taking over their towns and lives. The fear, however ill-founded, was genuine, and it explains much of Mississippi today.

The first actual "invader" in this area was Mickey Schwerner. He and his wife Rita came to Meridian seven months before the summer project began, and opened a community center for Negroes. Schwerner also began to work among Negroes 39 miles away in Philadelphia, and soon the Klan was watching him. He was a natural enemy: he was a Jew, with a beard, and he was unafraid. Men do not come easily to the point of killing, but feeling against Schwerner grew so intense that the Klan made the formal decision—in its own phrase—to "exterminate" him.

It is clear now that James Chaney and Andrew Goodman died merely because they happened by offhand chance to be with Schwerner when the Klansmen saw their chance. Goodman, a COFO summer volunteer, had been in Mississippi less than 24 hours. Chaney, an active Negro civil rights worker from Meridian, was known—and hated—but there was no formal plan to kill him.

All of this seems to be common knowledge in Philadelphia. Yet the people here do not generally admit the existence of the Klan. Nor do they admit another troubling side of life in Philadelphia—that Negroes here as elsewhere have come openly to resent being treated as a class without rights and that it takes a hard hand to keep them in line. In Philadelphia that hard hand belonged—and still belongs—to Lawrence Rainey.

In August of 1963, when Rainey ran for sheriff, it had become clear that Congress would pass a civil rights bill. Rainey appeared at meetings all over the county, and he would roll his big hat in his big rough hands and say, "I'm Lawrence Rainey and if you elect me

sheriff, I'll take care of things for you." He didn't have to say what "things" he meant. Mississippi's only pressing trouble was the race problem, and Rainey's record as a police patrolman and a deputy sheriff in Philadelphia was impressive. He had killed at least two Negroes—in self-defense, he reported—and the Negro community was openly afraid of him.

One night Rainey walked into the light at a Negro county fair attended by 300 men. He stood there without saying a word and gradually the crowd began to thin until every Negro was gone. Rainey was left alone on the grounds; the fair was over.

He was elected sheriff by a handsome majority. He can be likeable, and if you are white and have position, you see this pleasant side. That is what community leaders saw and wanted to see. "I'll tell you what kind of man he is," said Jack Tannehill, editor of the weekly *Neshoba Democrat*. "When he sees a drunk nigger on the street, 'stead of just grabbing him, Lawrence will say, 'Now, boy, you get on home now 'fore I have to run you in.' That's the kind of man Lawrence Rainey is." Thurman Thompson, the druggist, said, "The only people ever complain of him being rough are just jailbirds, that's all."

The classic description of Rainey's gentility comes from a Philadelphia barker. "This nigger woman was trying to cash a forged check," he told a reporter. "I told the teller to call for the sheriff. The nigger woman snatched the check and started to run. The sheriff caught up with her at the corner. She resisted and was slamming him up against a building when I arrived. I don't believe in police brutality, but I told the sheriff, 'Take that club and knock hell out of her.' He didn't do it."

But perhaps the case of Kirk Culberson is more revealing. Culberson, 46, a Negro, owned property and operated a small garage in Philadelphia in addition to working in a sawmill. His testimony before a federal grand jury in Biloxi resulted in an indictment of Rainey and Price for violation of his civil rights. According to the charges and Culberson's testimony, a friend was involved in a shoot-

ing, using a pistol which belonged to Culberson. Rainey and Price came to Culberson's garage and arrested him.

On the way to the jail Rainey stopped the car on a dark road to question Culberson, who sat alone in the back seat. One of the men—Culberson is not sure which—turned and smashed his head with something hard and heavy, knocking him to the floor. Culberson lifted himself and was smashed down again. He remembers nothing more—but when he came to in a cell his clothes were muddy and his skull was shattered. He believes he was dragged from the car and beaten on the ground while unconscious.

Culberson now has spent many days in hospitals. He has seen X-rays of his head which indicate, as he puts it, that "my skull was split three ways." He is unable to work. Blinding headaches overcome him at the least exertion. His property is gone and he is in debt. He has left Philadelphia, but he is worried about how he will support his wife and four children.

Culberson is deathly afraid of Rainey. "He would say I was drunk and 'Nigger, get in the car.' And I would have to say, 'Yesir, I'm drunk,' and he could beat me up again and nothing would be



READY FOR CHRISTMAS. At the Neshoba County courthouse (right center), where Sheriff Rainey is back at work, and on Beacon Street (right), holiday glitter adorns Philadelphia.

TO ADMIT COMPLICITY

done about it. It would be a nigger's word against a white sheriff. What he says goes. He's the man."

The fear in Philadelphia is not limited to Negroes. Everyone who fails to conform, white and black alike, learns to fear. Conformity to group thought has become a way of life in Philadelphia, and the Klan pretty much determines group thought. There may be only a few hundred Klansmen, but they reach the whole community. Some of the intimidation is physical, some strikes at men's businesses and livelihoods. But even more important is the structured uniformity of the indoctrinated Mississippian's attitude. To speak out against the Klan or even to question Lawrence Rainey's treatment of Negroes has come to be equated somehow with disloyalty to one's own. There is no middle ground. A Philadelphia minister said, "A minority has taken over the guidance of thought patterns of our town. It has controlled what was said and what was not said."

Struggling in this mass of pressures, a thoughtful Philadelphian said recently, "I can understand now how Nazi Germany could grow, with the good people of Germany knowing more of the atrocities than they would admit—and looking away, always looking

away. . . . We have been coerced and intimidated."

A few individuals in Philadelphia, backed by a handful of ministers, are speaking out now for justice and decency. Methodist pastor Clay Lee preached a sermon in which he called pointedly for truth, love and justice as answers to Philadelphia's problems, and people began to respond. But the majority of white people still seems satisfied with what is essentially a Klan point of view. The majority still seems satisfied with Lawrence Rainey as sheriff.

This may account in part for Rainey's confidence in the face of a most serious charge. But even more basic to his casual case is the fact that the chances of his being convicted are slight indeed. It has nothing to do with his guilt or innocence, which has not yet been determined. It is a simple truth of Mississippi justice that white men are rarely penalized for treatment dealt Negroes and Negro sympathizers. That is the way it is in Mississippi.

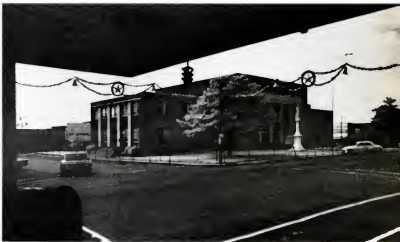
So Lawrence Rainey walks around Philadelphia with a wad of tobacco in his jaw and his big .44 pistol on his hip and he wears an easy smile. Everywhere he goes men nod and smile and shake his hand. Lawrence Rainey is likely to be around Philadelphia for a long time. He is the man.



ONE WHO TALKED. Kirk Culberson, a garage owner who was severely beaten, gave testimony in an earlier civil rights case against Rainey. Because of his injuries he is unable to work.



STILL IN POWER. Sheriff Rainey, after he was arraigned for conspiracy, attends a sheriffs' convention in Jackson where he told his friends, "Everything is just fine in Neshoba."



Buff's Elegant Pavilion Opens in Los Angeles

LIFE

On the Newsfronts
of the World

Los Angeles last week moved grandly along with the country's cultural boom by opening a shimmering jewel of a concert hall called the Pavilion. Glamorous enough to unify the sprawling metropolis which it graces, the Pavilion gives Los Angeles its only good hall for concert and opera. It is the first of three buildings in the new Center for the Performing Arts which will be a \$42 million Los Angeles version of New York's Lincoln Center.

Los Angeles residents are already calling the Pavilion the House that Buff Built, in honor of the remarkable 63-year-old woman who put on the greatest virtuoso fundraising performance in local memory. She is Mrs. Norman ("Buff") Chandler, whose husband and son publish the *Los Angeles Times*. Queen of Los Angeles society, she has worked 10 years putting the bite on thousands to raise almost all of the \$18.5 million for the Pavilion. The white granite building, designed by Welton Becket and set in downtown Los Angeles, has a warm feeling inside with its golden onyx walls and warm-hued carpeting. And though the auditorium has 3,250 seats, none is more than 150 feet from the stage.



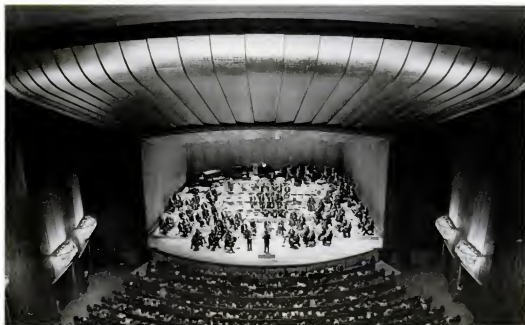
OPENING NIGHT. First-nighters arrive at the Pavilion for the most dressed-up night Los Angeles could remember. For this opening concert violinist Jascha Heifetz made one of his increasingly rare appearances.

SHELL FOR SOUND. A gold-plated acoustical canopy (below) spreads over the auditorium, providing crisp sound that makes hall among best acoustically in the country. Here Zubin Mehta leads L.A. Philharmonic.

GLITTERING FOYER. Three giant crystal chandeliers hang over lobby. Each is 17 feet long and weighs more than a ton. In another room hang two chandeliers imported years ago for *The Great Waltz* and never used.



SHE DID IT. Mrs. Norman Chandler stands in the Pavilion, aglow with pride. Behind is her portrait, the only painting in the building. Her husband was so nervous about the opening that he fell ill and didn't make it.





Duchess Who Lived and Died a Vanderbilt

"When one is young and unhappy the sun shines in vain, and one feels as if cheated of one's birthright," this distinguished lady wrote in her memoirs. By any standard Consuelo Vanderbilt Balsan possessed a formidable birthright. Her father, William K. Vanderbilt, was one of the world's richest men and in the splendid 1890s he showered her with every luxury. She had wit and beauty and was besieged by suitors. But her mother, a relentless and unyielding woman, scared off all suitors but one—England's Duke of Marlborough—and forced Consuelo, at 18, to marry him.

It was the most lavish New York wedding of all time; and the 3,000 guests scarcely noticed that the bride's eyes were puffed from weeping as she became the Duchess of Marlborough. For the next 11 years she dutifully lived in the gloom and grandeur of Blenheim Palace as one of the most decorative ornaments of the royal establishment—and bore two sons. But in 1906 Consuelo rebelled.

From that point on she went her vigorous way separately. She soon plunged into social work, horrified her royal in-laws by running for office in London on a Progressive ticket—and winning. In 1921 she obtained a divorce and married Jacques Balsan, a dashing pioneer of French aviation.

In France she got the Legion of Honor for hospital work among children. When Paris fell to the Germans in 1940 Consuelo Vanderbilt Balsan returned to her native land to reign graciously as the *grande dame* of one of America's most renowned families. Her death, at 87, brought to mind words written about her while she lived: "Sorrow notwithstanding, here is admittedly one on whom life has lavished the best . . . how beautifully she returns the compliment."



THE GRAND LADY. Consuelo Vanderbilt Balsan wore her trappings (above, left) for the coronation of King Edward VII in 1902 as though



she were born to ermine and train. At the time she was the young Duchess of Marlborough. Seventeen years later (above, right) she still was considered

one of London's reigning beauties. Several months ago she sat in regal splendor for one of her last portraits (below) in her Palm Beach mansion.



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There's a difference you can see in the filter.

Tareyton has an inner filter of Activated Charcoal...fine granules of Activated Charcoal in pure cellulose.

It makes a difference you can taste in the smoke.

The Activated Charcoal filter works with the white filter to improve the flavor of Tareyton's fine tobaccos.

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Dandrop "D"
Diamond-set
Faceted crystal.
17 jewels. Also white.
59.95



Engineer "E"
Sport watch style
for the active man.
Expansion band.
17 jewels. Also
white. 49.95



La Petite "P"
12 dazzling
diamonds. 14 Kt.
gold. 23 jewels. Also
yellow. 150.00



Leading Lady "L"
Graceful oval.
Expansion bracelet.
23 jewels. Also
white. 62.95



Besse Brummer "B"
12-diamond dial.
Waterproof.
Expansion band. 21
jewels. 100.00



Miss America "M"
Distinctly dainty.
Expansion bracelet.
17 jewels. Also
white. 35.95

Surf King "SK"
Waterproof. Shock
resistant. Luminous
dial. 17 jewels. 21.95



La Petite "AL"
Two diamonds.
Expansion bracelet.
23 jewel movement.
Also yellow. 65.00



Yankee Clipper "Y"
Self-winding.
Waterproof.
Luminous dial.
Expansion band. 17
jewels. Also with
black dial. 58.95



President "P"
Date watch.
Self-winding.
waterproof.
Shock resistant.
Expansion band.
17 jewels. 65.95

HAPPINESS IS CHRISTMAS

Here you can see twenty reasons why Santa Claus and your jeweler agree: "There's no gift like a watch, and no watch like a Bulova." Each is precious jewelry that tells perfect time. There are 392 different gift styles for men, women, teens! But quantity is only half the story. Your jeweler can tell you that



All prices plus tax. (When seen, crown and crystal are intact)



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Contour design.
Shock-resistant.
27 jewels. Also
white. \$4.35



Regatta 25 'A'
Sports 21 cross
style. Self-winding,
waterproof. Shock
resistant. 25 jewels.
\$9.25



Bulova 30 'MW'
Sweep second hand.
Self-winding, water-
proof. Expansion
band. 30 jewels. \$5.00



Sunburst 'R'
14 K multi-color
gold. Faceted
crystal. Expansion
bracelet. 25 jewels.
100.00

Date King 'H'
Self-winding
14 K gold.
Waterproof.
Expansion band.
17 jewels.



Sungold 'F'
Unique cubes in
14 K gold.
Expansion bracelet.
Also yellow. 75.25

First Lady 'R'
With synthetic
diamond. 17
jewels.
\$9.95



Date King 'F'
Dependable date
watch. Shock-
resistant.
Expansion band.
17 jewels. 29.95



AND GIVING A BULOVA WATCH

Bulova puts more quality into watches. More of the things that make people lastingly happy: more gold, finer diamonds, extra-patient craftsmanship. So at Christmas or any gift time see your jeweler, America's watch expert. When something happy happens, it's BULOVA watch time.



American Eagle 'F'
Heavy-duty
expansion band.
17 jewels. \$1.25



Mistress of Time 'B'
Self-winding date
watch. Waterproof.
Luminous dial.
17 jewels. \$5.00





“Most hosts can’t make cocktails as good as these
—and I wish they wouldn’t try!”

All the liquor's in the bottle—nothing to add but ice. You'll pour perfect cocktails every time—right from the Heublein bottle. Don't confuse these delicious cocktails with “mixes” that make you add your own liquor. Heublein® Cocktails come with all the good liquor in the bottle. They're full strength. Completely ready to serve. Just pour on the rocks.



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11 Kinds—Better than most people make

JUST POUR ON THE ROCKS
11-10-1 VODKA MARTINI, 75 PROOF
VODKA MARTINI, 60 PROOF
EXTRA DRY GIN MARTINI, 67.5 PROOF
MANHATTAN, 56 PROOF
DAQUIRI, 52.5 PROOF
WHISKEY SOUR, 52.5 PROOF
VODKA SOUR, 52.5 PROOF
SCOTCH SOUR, 40 PROOF
OLD FASHIONED, 42 PROOF
SHRIMP CAKE, 52.5 PROOF
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THE COCKTAILS SERVED ON LEADING
RAILROADS AND AIRLINES.
HEUBLEIN, INC., HARTFORD, CONN.
ALSO ENJOY HEUBLEIN COGNACS.

Beyond Mere Duty: A Night for Valor

When the United States seeks to immortalize its combat heroes, the deeds of valor lose something in translation, like bronzed baby shoes. One day recently Captain Roger H. C. Donlon, 30, of Saugerties, N.Y., stood at rigid attention in the East Room of the White House and listened to the citation that accompanied the Medal of Honor which President Lyndon Johnson hung about his neck. In the language that has been traditional since Congress first authorized the decoration in 1862, the

citation noted that Donlon, the first man to receive the medal in South Vietnam, had "distinguished himself by conspicuous gallantry and intrepidity."

It failed to mention the handkerchief which he had used to plug a belly wound—to keep his life from leaking away as he plunged through curtains of exploding metal to rally the 11 Americans under his command.

It somehow neglected also to note how the captain appeared to the other men in Special Forces De-

tachment A-726, as they saw him silhouetted against the flames that danced from the thatched huts in the compound.

When the citation seeks to explain what happened in the pre-dawn hours of the 6th of July at Nam Dong, as a heavy Vietcong battalion hit the American camp in a surprise assault, it says: "Upon the initial onslaught, he swiftly marshaled his forces and ordered the removal of the needed ammunition from a blazing building."

But Lt. Julian Olejniczak, who was there as Donlon's executive officer, remembers that the Old Man ducked three times into the burning ammo shed to haul out radios and mortar rounds—when "raising your head was like committing suicide."

According to the citation, "He

then dashed through a hail of small arms and exploding hand grenades to abort a breach of the main gate. . . ."

As one of the sergeants tells it, Donlon fired a quick burst from his AR-15 rifle, cutting down a three-man Vietcong demolition team as they were placing explosive charges against the main gate.

Not one of the nine survivors of the five-hour fire fight will forget how their captain moved around the perimeter—first running, then hobbling and at last crawling as blood seeped from his four wounds—or how, as the end approached, he stood up to guide the flare planes. Nor will they forget how Donlon remembered to observe military courtesy when a senior officer arrived with a relief column. "Request permission," he said, "to turn over my command."



Joseph, Chester and Sol now admit that Ford rides quieter than Rolls-Royce!



Joseph Pirri, Chester McLain and Sol Garnick are professional Rolls-Royce chauffeurs with Buckingham Livery, New York City. Day in, day out, they live with the quiet ride of the world's foremost luxury cars. And never have they doubted that Rolls-Royce was the world's quietest car.

Although all three still think Rolls-Royce is one of the world's finest cars, a recent demonstration drive in a '65 Ford LTD—through busy Manhattan streets—has them thinking differently about which offers the quietest ride.

Listen to Joseph now: "Quieter than a Rolls-Royce? Much quieter." Chester: "This car is

quieter than any Rolls-Royce I have ever driven." And Sol: "I wouldn't have believed it. Ford is quieter."

If you doubt the opinions of Joseph, Chester and Sol . . . consider the findings of Bolt, Beranek and Newman, Inc., leading acoustical experts. They conducted tests in which 1965 Fords with 289-cu. in. V-8 engines rode quieter than a new Rolls-Royce!

So when you're thinking of buying a new car, think carefully about Ford. It does not, of course, match the luxuriousness of a \$17,000 Rolls-Royce. But Ford's quietness does offer dramatic evidence

that it is strong, solidly built, designed with precision and great attention to detail. Test-drive the 1965 Ford at your dealer's soon.

*Best year yet to go Ford!
Test Drive Total Performance '65*

FORD

MUSTANG-FALCON-FAIRLANE-FORD-THUNDERBOLT



Total Performance 1965 Ford Galaxie 500 LTD 4-Door Hardtop

A PRODUCT OF
Ford
MOTOR COMPANY

Panty Raids? No! Tough Campus Revolt

On the University of California campus at Berkeley, students have been carrying on in a way that makes panty raids look decorous. A thousand students, protesting the university's long-standing restrictions on their off-campus political activities, defied university orders and took over an administration building for a massive 16-hour sit-in. Confronted with this new campus technique, which the students adopted from civil rights demonstrations, Governor Pat Brown cried "Anarchy!" and ordered out 635 state and city po-

lice. In 12 hours they arrested 641 students for "trespassing." Members of the university faculty raised funds to bail them out.

Then, at a campus rally the university department chairman had called to present compromise proposals, the leader of the rebellious students unceremoniously seized the microphone and was roughly dragged off by university police (*next page*). Next day the faculty voted eight to one in favor of meeting most of the student demands. Final approval, however, rests with the Board of Regents.



CAMPUS CROWD. Students held rally while Regents were meeting on campus to decide whether to lift bans on student political activities. They did vote to remove some restrictions.

STUDENT LEADER. Mario Savio, head of Free Speech Movement, argues with followers at rally. He is 22, a bright student, active in civil rights and now on probation on campus.





UNIVERSITY HEADS. Two men facing the brunt of the revolt are Chancellor Edward W. Strong (left) of the Berkeley campus and Clark Kerr (right), president of the university.

Cops Move In But Students Win Points

The conflict at Berkeley, which has been going on all fall, lies in the familiar area of freedom of speech on campus. But at Berkeley there is a new breed of student leader. They are experienced activists, blooded in mass civil disobedience techniques. Some have taken part in civil rights demonstrations and registered Negro voters in Mississippi. They know their sit-in was illegal. But they also know it has worked before. Above all, they feel such action is justified if the cause is right.

Last September the university ruled that the campus could not be used by students to drum up support for off-campus political activities—such as raising funds for candidates or recruiting civil rights pickets. A thousand students of the university's 27,400 protested, and 55 campus organizations formed the Free Speech Movement. Inept moves by university officials stirred sympathy for the rebel cause. By last week most students strongly supported the FSM.

University regents have rescinded the rule barring political recruiting on campus. But there is still one large disagreement. The university insists it must retain the right to discipline students who on campus advocate off-campus acts that may be judged illegal by civil authorities. The students claim this is restraint of free speech. The faculty supports them on this.

Last week students from more than 30 colleges took part in rallies backing the Berkeley students. Most of them used the occasion to plump for more freedom on their campuses. The results at Berkeley could foreshadow the spread of civil disobedience tactics to other campuses around the country.



HAULED FROM MEETING. Savio is lugged by overzealous cops from campus meeting called by university officials.

He was trying to reach microphone to announce a new student rally. He was later allowed to do so.

OUSTED FROM SIT-IN. Policemen efficiently lug off sit-in who refused to make the job any easier for them.





Newport smokes fresher and tastes better, too

Newport's mild menthol never tastes harsh, never tastes sharp. It blends in naturally with top-grade tobaccos. This combination gives you the most refreshing cigarette of all. So tender to your taste, you'll want to make Newport your regular smoke.



Why is Newport's menthol so mild?
Lorillard Research Laboratories have discovered that natural menthol is the smoothest menthol of all. It's doubly-processed from the finest natural leaf to give you the tender heart-of-menthol. Costlier than synthetic menthol? Sure. But we believe it to be the best for a menthol cigarette. That's why Newport uses it exclusively.

Newport smokes fresher—and tastes better than any other menthol cigarette



**Four-fifths of your drink is the mixer.
Do you need a better reason for making it Canada Dry?**

At Canada Dry, we have a lot of respect for good whiskey. And it shows in the way we make our Club Soda. We begin with pure water, and filter it, de-aerate it, and filter it again and again until it's so much purer it's called "polished" water. Then we add six of nature's own minerals (the delicious ones, naturally) and other carefully chosen ingredients.

Finally, we give it pinpoint carbonation. Not just a lot of



bubbles, but a precisely controlled amount of tiny bubbles that release themselves slowly. Because bubbles pick up and enhance the whiskey flavor, this Special Sparkle quality of Canada Dry Club Soda makes a great-tasting drink. And a drink that stays lively and bubbly right down to the refill.

Next time you buy a fifth of whiskey, please don't forget the important four-fifths.

A big spelunking dividend **WONDERS** **OF A CAVE FIND**

An eerie, blue-lit pond and its strange white rafts of lacy calcite and odd-shaped spires lie 200 feet beneath the Ozark National Forest, some 11 miles from Mountain View, Ark. The place is called the Coral Room, and it is part of the Blanchard Springs Caverns, which now are considered one of the most extraordinary cave finds of the century. In a wild, timbered area, long corridors and huge rooms extend miles underground. It was in the middle 1950s that a few daring spelunkers began to bring back tales of wonder about the caves, and now the Forest Service is systematically mapping them. By 1967, it is hoped, anybody can go to see the underground fantasies shown here in pictures by A. Y. Owen.





Dwarfed by a 70-foot column in the 1,100-foot-long Cathedral Room, a forester picks his way

through formations. Constantly dripping water in this area keeps most of the formations growing.



Niagara Falls," is a 100-foot-wide flowstone, created by the water flowing down the cave wall depositing sheets of calcite. The rocky precipice is 40 feet tall.

Rust-colored columns and tall stalagmites shown here sometimes reach the ceiling. Because the soft rock is easily chipped, the area is closed against vandals.

CONTINUED

NABISCO

Consommé the RITZ crackers

Good piping hot consommé (this one chicken) dishes up extra tempting when served up with the crisp flavor of rich, tangy RITZ crackers.

Cook the RITZ crackers

Crumbled, they make a light, flaky crust for this smorgasbord pie. Blend $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups finely rolled RITZ crackers, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup butter, 2 tbsp. water. Press firmly on bottom and sides of 9" pie plate. Bake 10 min. at 350F. Cool. Fill with rings of tuna salad, olives, egg salad, cottage cheese. **Nothing fits the occasion like RITZ**



Canapé the RITZ crackers Scoop out Edam cheese, combine with pkg. of cream cheese, ground sage. Put into Edam shell, spread on flavory RITZ crackers.





Her Tom Collins is magnificent. Completely professional. When I found out she uses Holland House Tom Collins Mix, I asked her to marry me. Mother always said to choose a girl with high standards.

If you've never used Holland House Tom Collins Mix before, you've really missed a treat. Pamper yourself. Be like royalty. Just add gin or vodka and club soda to Holland House Tom Collins Mix. What a princely drink! What a fresh drink! What a professional bartender you've become!

You can actually taste the natural lemon juice we bring from California and the natural lime juice that comes all the way from Trinidad. They're the same kind of juices you'd get if you squeezed ripe, succulent lemons and limes at home. It would be cheaper for us to use concentrated juices, but then your drink wouldn't taste so princely. We do other wonderful and expensive things—like extracting the rich flavor from natural citrus peel and adding it to the mix. The extra tang's terrific!

We do magnificent things to all our 9 mixes. That's why you can make such magnificent drinks with them. An 89¢ bottle makes dozens of drinks. Bloody Mary is 59¢ a quart. You'll find our mixes at food stores everywhere. Liquor stores in some states.

Whiskey Sour, Manhattan, Daiquiri, Collins, Gimlet, Old Fashioned, Martini, Side Car, Bloody Mary.

You make the best drinks you ever tasted with
HOLLAND HOUSE COCKTAIL MIXES
 Original and largest selling in the world.



*89¢ higher in Southern and Western states. For free "Cocktail and Complete Recipes" write Holland House, Woodside 97, N. Y.



A 70-foot climb down to marvels

The only entrance to Blanchard Springs Caverns yet to be discovered is through a pit dome which requires a perilous descent down a 70-foot vertical shaft (above). A tour of two miles, as diagrammed in the map at right, now involves four days of walking, crawling and climbing over three different levels, varying from 50 to 250 feet underground.

The first section of the caverns to open will be the corridors leading to the vast Cathedral Room. Here multicolored stalagmites project everywhere from the ground up, and stalactites hang down from the ceilings in odd, twisted shapes. Sometimes the two types meet to form huge columns. Along the walls are thin, drapery-like sheets of translucent calcite, and huge roosts where over 1,000 bats hang from the ceiling.

Downstream from the entrance, a boat service will eventually ferry tourists to the Salamander Pool. Beyond this point are some of the most spectacular sights of the caves—the gigantic flowstone ("Niagara Falls"), the West Room with its smaller but sparkling 40-foot flowstone and formations which are still growing, the Helictite Room with its display of small, twisted calcite deposits. The end of the caves' trail? Nobody as yet has any idea where that may be.



CONTINUED

The Dec. 25TH bottle of Beam's Choice.




Of course, the guys who know great Bourbon aren't going to be impressed by fancy decanters.

Even when they're made of fine, smoked crystal, like ours.

Because when it comes to holiday giving, the real Bourbon drinker likes to give the whiskey he respects most. And we think he'd pick Beam's Choice even if it came in the same old bottle we use all year round.

Then why did we fuss with crystal decanters and big, beautiful gift packaging? Especially when we don't charge any more for it?

Holiday spirit, gentlemen.
Holiday spirit.



The elegance of Thayer McNeil... elegantly stated by **Florsheim**

Our customers' common denominator is pretty uncommon!

It's the taste of our patrons to which we refer. This is their single common denominator and it's uncommonly high. They abhor ostentation, for example, and stand firmly on the side of understated elegance. Happily, so do we. Makes for a nice working arrangement. At Thayer McNeil you'll find decidedly smart footwear from 14.95... Florsheim shoes from 16.95 to 19.95.

Thayer McNeil SHOES

NEW YORK BOSTON CHICAGO MIAMI

CAVE FIND CONTINUED

'It's like an ancient Egyptian tomb'

The limestone caverns of Blanchard Springs were probably carved out of the rock hundreds of thousands of years ago at about the same time as those at Carlsbad, N. Mex. and Mammoth, Ky. The caves are not exceptionally large, but like a king's treasure house they are crammed with spectacular and varied types of formations. Moreover, due to the regular flow of water, the formations which so excite sophisticated spelunkers are still growing.

"These caves have every aspect of excitement," says one explorer. "You enter a dark world in which even a cat couldn't see. There is the thrill of danger always present. But most of all the real thrill comes when you step from a corridor into one of those great rooms filled with molded, colored columns. It's like stepping into an ancient Egyptian tomb."

Blanchard Springs is largely silent. There is the echo of wind through the corridors, the soft drip of water and—overhead—the occasional whirring of a thousand bat wings. And around the quiet pools it is possible to sight one of the blind, white salamanders who live there catching crickets. The foresters have also seen the single tracks of a mink near one of these

pools. They surmise that the mink crawled down through a tiny opening and may be still around, subsisting on salamanders.

No matter what the weather is like aboveground it is constant underneath—an even 58°, making it comfortable for exploration, although a bit humid and damp. Thomas Fair, forester in charge of the Blanchard Springs surveys, made his last new discovery only a few months ago. "We noticed a hole in the ceiling some 40 feet above us in the west wing area," he says. "No one had been able to get up there, but I determined I was going to. We dragged in an extension ladder, propped it against crumbling, soft sand and I climbed up. When I looked into that room I saw a 40-foot-wide flowstone that sparkled in my headlight, tall white stalagmites, and formations that looked like giant wedding cake icicles [below]. But what really excited me was the floor of the room. There wasn't a print in that sand. I was the first human to ever set foot there."

Icicle of calcium carbonate, growing out from a wall 6 to 10 inches, is beautiful example of the intricate, sparkling formations found in the cave's rooms.



BODY BY FISHER



Elegance everywhere you turn

Some call it "hardware." In a GM car with Body by Fisher, these fittings are more like jewelry. Shining examples of the skill and workmanship that go into every part of a Body by Fisher—from super-strong structure to satin-smooth finish. If you have a taste for elegance, indulge it—in the most carefully crafted, solidly built, longest-lasting auto body ever. *So much of the buy is in the body. And Body by Fisher makes it a better buy.* Chevrolet, Pontiac, Oldsmobile, Buick, Cadillac.





How do you turn America's great whiskey
into an equally great gift?



It's really very simple

Give Seagram's 7—The Sure One

Decanter and gift wrap at no additional cost

New Breck Concentrate Shampoo

the only concentrate that lathers fast,

rinses easily

&

leaves your hair Breck-manageable, too.



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1. Now, Instant Lather right in the palm of your hand.
2. You don't even have to *work* up a lather with Breck Concentrate.
3. Rinsing's easy, too. Breck is formulated to rinse right out.
4. Love an exclusive? Breck has an exclusive conditioning agent that makes your hair easier to manage.
5. Breck gets beautiful results: your hair is easier to curl, holds



6. Dandruff? ... Breck Concentrate helps control it.
7. It's made for smart shoppers: you use such a tiny little bit, it's one of the most economical shampoos you can buy in an unbreakable plastic tube.
8. Formulas for everybody: one for the whole family, one for dry, brittle hair (both are fine for bleached or tinted hair).

FASHION

American versions in leather of Courrèges outfits are authentically short. They are made by Samuel Robert and include, from left, the most successful dress of the collection, in suede (\$110), a suit in calf (\$265) and a kidskin coat and dress outfit (\$225). The boots, also American copies, are by Golo (\$20).

Dresses for resort wear from top U.S. designers take wild footwear. Tiffau did the printed dress (*U-loc*) and lod Paris' Roger Vivier make up the lightest sandal. With his play dress Wragge showed Evins' striped stocking with an attached shoe (\$40). Evins also did gladiator sandal for Tiffau (\$40).



The new look is the knee look—but there's controversy

Up, Up, Up Go the Skirts

Skirt lengths are on the move again and the direction is up. The trend is inspired by that intrepid French designer Courrèges (L'Ex, Sept. 4) and embraced by some of his top American counterparts. Inevitably there is controversy. Many wary merchants believe that the new length, which is one and one-half inches above the knee, is too drastic for anyone to wear but the young—and only the pretty-kneed young at that. Some designers feel, as Dior did, that *all* knees are ugly. But even the objectors agree that, come what may, skirts will be shorter and that it is no longer chic to knock the knee. The Courrèges look simply balances the abbreviated skirt with 10-inch boots, but U.S. designers have inventive ideas (*left and next page*) about what to do with all the new legs.





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set...

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*sparkling Champale is like
nothing else you ever tasted
(except champagne!)*

CHAMPALE gives a champagne glow to any occasion—sparkles a meal, a moment, or a midnight snack, yet costs just pennies more than beer. Buy Champale wherever beer is sold.



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SKIRTS CONTINUED

Schoolgirl Socks To Match



These striped mid-calf socks have a school-girl look and are Rudi Gernreich's answer for what to do to balance the short-skirt

proportion. He shows them to match a two-piece cotton knit dress belted low at the hip-line (Harmon, \$35). The socks are \$5 extra.

CONTINUED



Early Times...with love



The True Old-Style
Kentucky Bourbon

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EARLY TIMES DISTILLERY COMPANY, LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY
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“It's the Christmas thing to do”



7-UP Your Party

Give everyone a hand... with a welcoming bottle of 7-Up in it! Seven-Up has sparkle and friendliness... and a taste that brings out the holiday smiles. That red and green bottle even looks Christmasy. Why run out of hospitality? Get 7-Up by the caseful!



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SKIRTS CONTINUED

Slinker from the Charleston era



As short and as slinky as the Charleston-dancing dresses of the '20s, and just as dazzling in over-

all beading, this form-fitting outfit is designed by Tiffau for Montessano & Pruzan. It costs \$1,000.



Stuff it deliciously with Kellogg's new Croutettes and roast it extra-tender the Reynolds Wrap way

You just add liquids to Kellogg's Croutettes for stuffing all ready to pop into your bird. These toasted croutons are laced with a master blend of eight herbs, condiments and spices!

Under a tent of Heavy Duty

Reynolds Wrap your turkey browns beautifully without basting. No spattered oven to clean. Pan won't need scouring either, if you line it with Reynolds Wrap—oven-tempered for flexible strength.

Complete "Stuffing Guide" and "Roasting Guide" on Kellogg's Croutettes packages and inside specially marked Reynolds Wrap packages now at your grocer's.

Reynolds Wrap



City and Country Style

Short skirts are as much for the city as for the country. This tailored coat by Montezano & Pruzan (\$300) has a narrow, sleek look. Worn without boots or gimmicky stockings, it takes a low-heeled shoe to keep proportions in balance. Country-style short skirts have been worn for golfing for several seasons, but this year some of the outdoor ones—like this checked tweed (Stella Sloat, \$35)—are wandering off fairways into town.



Do it again!

If you gave a friend Seagram's V.O. last Christmas, (and you must have, judging by all the bows we tied) give him V.O. again. If it wasn't his brand then, it surely is now. How thoughtful of you to remember.

Seagram's
Canadian **VO**





Particularly welcome

If the smokers on your Christmas list are particular about taste, they'll welcome a carton of Pall Malls. Why? Because Pall Mall's natural mildness means just one thing: smooth, pleasing flavor. Flavor that's *blended in—* over, under, around and through the finest tobaccos money can buy. This Christmas give a *long* cigarette that's *long* on flavor. Give Pall Mall Famous Cigarettes.

Outstanding—and they are mild!



In Africa a Red Chinese embassy is the center of armed aid for the murdering Congolese rebels

by ROY ROWAN

An Assistant Managing Editor of LIFE, Roy Rowan returned last week from a revealing trip through Central Africa. He wrote this report.

If you wanted to invent a kingdom with make-believe people and make-believe places you could hardly do better than the kingdom of Burundi.

Burundi is a Maryland-size country situated against the eastern border of the Congo, and it has a look of Switzerland. Its capital is called Bujumbura, its soda water is bottled and sold under the trade name of "SPH," and its king, Mwambutsa IV, is called the Mwami. The Mwami ascended to the throne at the age of three and now, in the 49th year of his reign, has developed into a terrific twister. His subjects, or at least the dominant caste of his kingdom, are the famous Tutsi (Watutsi). And where the Mwami is short and bald, the Tutsi shoot up to seven feet and are as thin as slats.

If the existence of Burundi is somehow escaped you, that is quite understandable. Burundi is a country without a newspaper or so much as one resident reporter to let the outside world know what's going on. But I can attest that there is plenty going on in Burundi that is not getting into print. My wife Helen and I have just come back from Bujumbura, still somewhat dazed by what we saw—some of it bizarre, some of it funny, some of it very ominous.

The serious gist of the story is this: Communist China is turning Burundi into its own subsidized control center from which it can keep the Congo boiling. Bujumbura hums with an improbable concentration of Chinese. Operating out of the country's largest embassy, they are trying desperately to keep guns flowing to the *simbar*, the Congolese rebels whose depredations, including the torture and massacre of Dr. Paul Carlson and countless white missionaries, cover the area just across the border, sometimes literally within view of Bujumbura.

From the front porch of the U.S. ambassador's residence in Bujumbura—or for that matter from the front porch of the Red Chinese ambassador's residence just down the block—you look out across Lake Tanganyika at the mountains of Kivu Province in the Congo. Often at dusk the flash of rebel mortars can be seen in the distance.



CHINESE EMBASSY. Having spotted Rowan aiming a camera through the barbed-wire fence, a Red diplomat heads for a doorway. Communist China's red flag, with its cluster of gold stars, flaps in the breeze.

Peking Puts Up a Congo Command Post

On the surface, at least, Bujumbura is a peaceful city of 45,000. Its wide streets, now ablaze with bougainvillea, sweep down the mountainside to the edge of the lake. The towering Tutsi trudge the city streets balancing great loads on their heads.

But, barely under the surface, the city of Bujumbura bubbles with intrigue, as it has ever since a man named Kao-Liang, the first Red Chinese on the scene, showed up in town exactly one year ago. Ostensibly he represented the new China News Service; but shortly after his arrival, Peking and Bujumbura established formal diplomatic ties. And soon the hilltop mansion that the Mwami was having built as a gambling casino opened up instead as the Chinese embassy, with a staff of four women and 17 men. "Opened" is hardly the word; the embassy was as quickly sealed off by a 10-foot-high barbed-wire fence.

However, if the public at large was deemed *persona non grata* on the embassy terrain, there were exceptions. The girls at Notre Dame

de la Clarté, the big Catholic high school directly across the street, received a flurry of Chinese mash notes and invitations to tea. The nuns retaliated by building a 10-foot-high fence of their own—this one of concrete—along the 300-foot frontage facing the Chinese.

But this social rebuff was more than offset by whopping Chinese political gains. Using the same procedure they had followed in Tanzania and Kenya, the Chinese began administering "direct aid to Burundi." Instead of pouring money into new schools, hospitals and airports, as the U.S. does in Africa, the Chinese put their money into envelopes. These envelopes were placed directly into the pockets of selected government and labor leaders. As favored Burundi ministers began to compete to see who could live in the best house and drive the biggest Mercedes, interesting changes began taking place in the kingdom. The Mwami, who originally had toyed with the idea of recognizing

Nationalist China, as neighboring Rwanda had done, found his power beginning to fade until he became pretty much a prisoner in his own palace. One vestige of royal prerogative remained unchanged—he continued to make nightly excursions with his secretary to the Harlequin Club to keep up his twisting technique.

Meanwhile, Augustin Ntama, a deputy in the National Assembly and the president of the Burundi Federation of Workers, became one of the most powerful men in the kingdom, sporting not one but a pair of Mercedes. And, coincidentally, Gaston Soumilot, the "defense minister" of the Congolese rebels, moved to the Pagouda Hotel in downtown Bujumbura where his bills were paid by the Burundi government. With Soumilot in permanent residence and with Christophe Gbenye, the Congolese rebel leader, an occasional visitor, Tutsi bearers with big boxes on their heads soon began to glide through the northern outskirts of Bujumbura and over the Ruzizi River bridge into the Congo. Oc-

CONTINUED

Anti-U.S. action egged on with banana beer

BURUNDI
CONTINUED

asionally an off-balance box came crashing from a Tutsi head and split open on the ground—losing a cascade of ammunition.

This route to the Congo follows a looping 10-mile trail known since the gold and diamond traffic days as the *Route des Fraudeurs* (route of the smugglers). It actually crosses two bridges—one over the *petite Ruzizi*, and the other over the *grande Ruzizi*. In the marshy terrain between the two branches of the river is an eerie no-man's-land that one day is occupied by rebel snipers and the next by Moise Tshombe's Congolese government troops. But the bridge on the Burundi side is unmanned. I drove over into the no-man's-land, stared into tall tufted bullrushes and turned back. I could have smuggled anything into the Congo; it was that easy.

Last spring the high-riding Red Chinese in Burundi suffered their one agonizing loss of face. On May 26, Tung Chi-ping, a 24-year-old so-called assistant cultural attaché in the Chinese embassy in Bujumbura, hopped into a taxi and delivered himself, unannounced, to the American embassy. He proceeded to tell flabbergasted officials that he wanted to stay there.

U.S. Ambassador Donald Dumont was away on a state visit to

Washington with the Mwami. He returned to find "Charlie," as the embassy staff had nicknamed their Chinese guest, bedded down in the conference room adjoining his own private office. Mrs. Dumont had hung curtains to make the conference room cozy and to give Charlie a little privacy. But Charlie's stay was not without complications. To get to the bathroom, for example, he had to walk right through Ambassador Dumont's office.

Meanwhile, the Chinese mission was hopping mad. First they sent the Burundi foreign minister down to see about prying Charlie loose. Ambassador Dumont politely refused to hand over his guest. The Peking government screamed that Dumont was a kidnaper, and for a while it even looked as if the U.S. might have to break off diplomatic relations with Burundi, all on Charlie's account.

The "Charlie Affair" became such an issue that all Burundi government leaders except the minister of education boycotted the U.S. ambassador's traditional Fourth of July party. Worse than that, the Chinese threatened to storm the U.S. embassy to retrieve their errant ex-employee. Bars were added to embassy windows, and embassy locks were changed. Then one day, just nine weeks after he had popped in, Charlie, at least according to the official report, "vanished." In August he appeared in Washington to testify before

a Senate committee on Chinese Communist subversion.

Charlie's case left a heavy residue of hard feeling. After his disappearance, a troupe of 46 Chinese acrobats arrived by boat in Burundi and the rector of the local Jesuit college refused to put them up for the night. The rector was later expelled from the country by the Burundi government.

The day before we arrived in Bujumbura the Burundis staged a protest march on the U.S. embassy. The demonstrators started out dispiritedly but the Chinese bolstered their indignation with banana beer, and they rallied to stoch buckets of blue paint on the building.

One night in Bujumbura I attended a cocktail party at which the Chinese ambassador also was a guest. Having lived in China for four years and having covered the civil war there for LIFE in 1948 and 1949, I thought possibly I could coax the ambassador into a conversation, either in my badly broken Mandarin or, better yet, in English—a young interpreter stuck right at his side.

When I first sidled over to the ambassador he was talking to somebody else and I couldn't catch his eye. I backed away and waited until his conversation had ended. Once again I walked over and said good evening. Though my face was scarcely a foot from his, the ambassador stared over my right shoulder, pretending not to have heard or seen me at all.

I turned to the interpreter and explained that I had spent several years in China and I wondered if I could talk with the ambassador. The ambassador meanwhile sauntered off to another corner of the



U.S. AMBASSADOR. Donald Dumont, 53, first came to Africa in 1941 and has been in Burundi two years.

room. I followed him. Once again I said good evening.

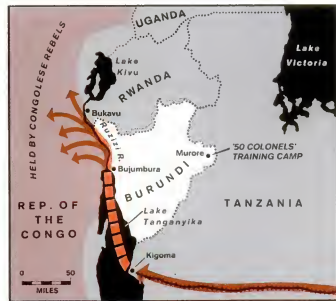
This time he simply turned his back on me, walked over and collected his wife and left the party.

The Chinese in Burundi are doing a lot more than hobnobbing at social functions. One of their pet projects right now is to recruit and train Tutsi refugees who have been driven out of neighboring Rwanda in several very bloody massacres. This training is being given in northern Burundi near the town of Muroro in what is called "The Camp of the Fifty Colonels." The "Colonels" were instructed by four Peking-trained Tutsi, and now it is up to them to pass on a quick three weeks of basic training to rank-and-file Tutsi recruits. The Tutsi are being urged by the Chinese to take the military training so they can go back to Rwanda and "recapture their homeland." Actually what the Chinese have in mind is to use Tutsi troops in the Congo. Soon they may have thousands there peppering away at Tshombe's Nationalist soldiers.



CHINESE PIPELINE. Unmanned Ruzizi River bridge (above) at Bujumbura leads into Congo and is used to smuggle arms to rebels. Two other bridges were blown up by Tshombe forces. Map shows route Chinese use

to supply Congo and location of Chinese-organized military camp. Weapons arriving in Tanzania are shipped by rail to Kigoma (where Stanley met Livingstone) and ferried to Burundi before being smuggled to Congo.



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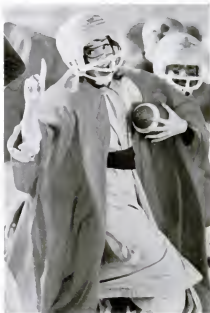


A spoof football film gets hauled into court

NOTRE DAME'S IRISH DANDER RISES OVER A MOVIE

Football fans, those moguls at 20th Century-Fox have made an incredibly dull movie with the incredibly wonderful title of *John Gorkfarb, Please Come Home*. It cost them \$4 million to tell the story of an addebrained fictional King of Fawzia who impresses an off-course American U-2 pilot into service as coach at Fawz U. and blackmails the U.S. State Department into sending Notre Dame to play Fawz. When the team arrives, the players can't believe their eyes. No South Bend pep rally was ever like the one shown here.

So far so bad—the zany plot is handled in heavy-handed bad taste. Before Fox had a chance to release the picture the real Notre Dame stood up. Father Theodore M. Hesburgh, Notre Dame's president, sought an injunction to prevent Fox from distributing it (page 72A).



In film's wildest scene Notre Dame players and U.S. officials are feted at a pregame banquet (top right, and right) by belly dancers and harem girls. Next day on football field Fawz U.'s cheerleader Shirley MacLaine (above) runs for winning touchdown against astonished Notre Dame team.



CONTINUED ON
PAGE 72A



HERE'S THE SMIRNOFF—WHERE'S THE PARTY?

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An Important Legal Issue Is Beclouded by the Farce

The circumstances of the litigation between Notre Dame and 20th Century-Fox are almost as mixed up as John Goldfarb, *Please Come Home*.

In an affidavit filed in court, Father Hesburgh described the climax of the story as a scene "in which Notre Dame players, under the influence of harem girls, are depicted as undisciplined gluttons and drunks, and the game the following day, in which Notre Dame players, dressed in the uniforms of the university, led by a violent and vulgar coach, befuddled by the previous evening's revelry and in the grip of nausea, are defeated." Though Father Hesburgh had read the book and the screen-play, he admits he has not seen the movie—but other Notre Dame officials and a squad of trustees and lawyers who did see it say it follows the script faithfully. Nevertheless the strong language of the complaint is interpreted by Fox officials as "an entirely distorted version that injects ugly and sinister overtones into what is obviously an incredible farce." Some people who have seen the movie get the impression that the Notre Dame players only reluctantly join harem girls in group dancing, and that they drink and eat not immoderately at the pregame party. Moreover they turn up the next day wearing uniforms that are no longer worn by the real Notre Dame team. They seem less befuddled by the previous night than they are by the impossible odds they face in the game—such as herds of cam-

els and goats, clawing and biting derelicts and a referee from the C.I.A. who is bent on Fawz U. winning the game. Says 20th Century-Fox, "It is made quite clear that the presence of the Notre Dame football team in these *Arabian Nights* surroundings is actually a command performance and a strong act of patriotism." To the extent that anything in the movie is made clear, this may be true.

What has been clouded by the spectacle of two such famous institutions as Notre Dame and Fox taking potshots at each other are the real legal issues at stake—whether Fox can appropriate the name, symbols and prestige of Notre Dame without the consent of the corporate owner. The second part of the complaint concerns whether or not Father Hesburgh's personal rights of privacy under Section 51 of the New York State Civil Rights Law have been violated. Father Hesburgh is called by his right name in the book from which the movie was made. In the movie, he maintains, he is readily identifiable as "Father Ryan."

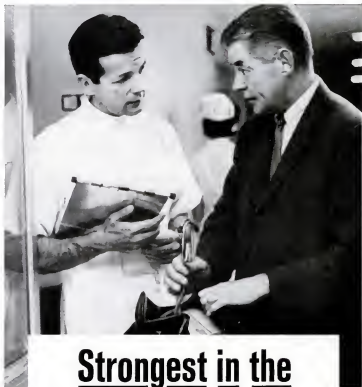
The irony of the affair is one Notre Dame readily recognizes—if they lose the suit they will have given untold amounts of publicity to the movie, compounding their irritation over the inanities in it.

Father Hesburgh says that Fox's "misappropriation" will destroy years of building school's name. Fox maintains artistic freedom entitles it to spoof institutions.

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MORE THAN ENOUGH HOT WATER for every need from running the electric dishwasher to supplying hot showers for a family of seven is provided by the Cartwrights' quick-recovery electric water heater. Because it needs no flue, ventilation or regular servicing, they were able to locate it out of the way behind the laundry room.



"A FLAMELESS ELECTRIC CLOTHES DRYER is a real convenience," reports Olga Cartwright. "It needs no flue or pilot light, and I can use it in so many different ways." Here John and Jamie help out by employing it to air and fluff up feather pillows.

"ONE THING I REALLY LOVE about total electric living is having plenty of electric outlets in convenient locations," says Olga Cartwright as she helps the girls fix their hair. "And with Full Housepower Wiring, we can run as many appliances as we need to without overloading circuits."



"MAN, WOMAN, CHILD AND DOG, we all stand together when it comes to saying good things about total electric living," says John Cartwright as he poses for a living room family portrait with the rest of his household: wife Olga, niece Georgianna Thomas, 15, daughter Christine, 12, niece Roberta Thomas, 12, sons John, 9, and Jamie, 5, and toy terrier Bambi, 3. In the background, white walls and curtains testify to the cleanliness of electric heat.



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“Five years ago, when we started to plan our new house,” John Cartwright explains, “one thing I knew for sure was that I didn’t want us to get stuck with an out-of-date heating system. So right off, we decided to install flameless electric heating. And then it just seemed good sense to go total electric.

“As things have turned out, it was probably one of the best decisions we ever made. We’ve just never had as much fun—or been as comfortable—in any other home we’ve ever lived in.

“With flameless electric heat, for example, there are just never any drafts or cold spots, and your heat is completely

even—so much so that it’s really impossible to tell where it’s coming from. It’s as quiet as an electric light bulb, and just as clean, too. And when you want heat, you get it instantly, with no waiting around for things to fire up.

“Another thing my wife and I both like, of course, is having all sorts of electric appliances working for us. And the truth is, this whole total electric living business is surprisingly reasonable in cost—and *more* than worth every penny!”

Every day, all across America, more and more families like the Cartwrights are learning about the joy of total electric living. If you’re planning to build, buy or modernize, think about the advantages of a total electric Gold Medallion Home. Your local electric utility company will help you get all the information you need to enjoy this truly modern way to live.

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ELIZABETH TAYLOR: She takes a hard, utterly

'I refuse to cure my public image'

The Elizabeth Taylor who's famous, the one on film, really has no depth or meaning to me. She's a totally superficial working thing, a commodity. I really don't know what the ingredients of the image are exactly—just that it makes money. I'm not even sure what image the woman from Pismo Beach has of me—except probably she thinks I'm a rather scandalous, unstable wicked witch with very little feeling—ruthless, fairly lame-brained, determined—somebody who snaps a finger and gets what she wants.

I have almost zero contact with the public, and I try not to read much of what's written about me. I suppose if people stopped buying the commodity and I cared, I would analyze what ingredient was missing. But when I start sliding down, which is the inevitable law of gravity, I'm going to quit. Maybe in my dotage I'll analyze why people go to my movies.

In a unique series of interviews—held in New York, Beverly Hills, Puerto Vallarta and in Paris—Elizabeth Taylor talked with extraordinary candor to LIFE Associate Editor Richard Meryman. On these pages she says what she really thinks about her image, her children, her reputation, her career and Richard Burton.

I don't think it's because I'm a great beauty. I think Ava Gardner is truly beautiful; I think my daughter Liza is. I think Jacqueline Kennedy is a beautiful woman. I am pretty enough. I don't have a complex about my looks, but I'm too short of leg, too big in the arms, one too many chins, big feet, big hands, too fat. My best feature is my gray hairs. I have them all named; they're all called Burton.

Most of my films have been melodramatic, so if you like to shed a tear, I suppose you'd like that part of the package. You might say I'm an escape from diapers and dish-washes—like the boy-meets-girl novellettes. I guess there's that sug-

gestion of the naughty—maybe envy because I've had the honesty to do what some people maybe didn't do at one point in their lives.

Getting paid a million dollars for films truly started out as a joke. One day Walter Wanger called and Eddie Fisher answered the phone. Walter said he wanted me to play Cleopatra. I thought the idea was ridiculous and said to Eddie, "Tell him I'll do it for a million dollars." You know—ha, ha. Walter said O.K.

That's an idiotic amount to be paid—but when I was growing up, the studios always made me feel like so much meat on the hoof. Nowadays when I can be very cool about a million dollars, I feel like a nice big steak.

Whatever it is I may have in acting—that part of me is minuscule—it's not technique. It's instinct and a certain ability to concentrate. If I'm doing something emotional in a scene, I sweat real sweat and I shake real shakes. But I'm not satisfied with myself as an entertainer, or whatever one would call a person such as myself. I would like to be able to say that I'm not a movie star, but an actress. But that would be phony. It's very difficult once you've become public domain to be taken seriously.

I'm not a "sex queen" or a "sex symbol." I don't think I want to be one. I really don't think that's why people come to my movies. Sex symbol kind of suggests bathrooms in hotels or something. I do know I'm a movie star and I like being a woman, and I think sex is absolutely gorgeous. But as far as a sex goddess, I don't worry myself that way. I don't mean that

I'm Marjorie Main. You know, girls usually do have bosoms. If you're going to be a sex queen, you do some undressing, some chesecake—but I've never done any of that stuff. If my husband thinks I'm sexy, that's good enough for me.

Maybe Richard and I are sex symbols together because we suggest love. At first, illicit love. And it seems curious that our society today finds illicit love more attractive than married love. Our love is married love now. But there is still a suggestion, I suppose, of rampant sex or the wild.

I can tell you what I think is sexy in a man. It has to do with warmth, a personal givingness, not self-awareness. Richard is a very sexy man. He's got that sort of jungle essence that one can sense. It's not the way he combs his hair, not the things he wears; he doesn't think about having muscles.

It's what he says and thinks. When I say that, I don't mean the awful lines some men say—with the tricks in their eyes. Like, you meet some men who probably have been told they have great animal charm. They probably stay awake at night or look into the bathroom mirror thinking what am I going to say that's going to sound sexy to the next broad. You want to say to them, "Sweetie, pull yourself together."

GROWING UP

Much of my life, I've hated acting. I was doing the most awful films—walking around like Dracula's ghost in glamorized B movies. I wore pretty clothes. But it was either that or be suspended by MGM, and I needed money.

The first time I was asked to do any acting was *A Place in the Sun*, and I only started liking my profession when I began being able to choose my own films. *Let me in Hot Tin Roof* was a big high point. I think in a way I became Maggie.

CONTINUED



EFor a scene in her new movie, *Flight of the Stuntman*, Elizabeth Taylor makes friends with one of the tiny birds so that it will fly to her on cue.

EElizabeth Taylor pulls Richard Burton toward her by his necktie. "Richard is a very sexy man," she says. "He's got that jungle essence."

frank look at herself

Photographed for LIFE by Roddy McDowall



'At first I didn't know what was love

TAYLOR CONTINUED

Mike [Todd] was killed just two weeks after I started work on *Cat* and I guess I went slightly around the bend with grief. I was lucky I had somebody else to become. When I was Maggie was the only time I could function. When they said "Cut," I would go back to my dressing room, and I don't remember much what I did. I couldn't read. I couldn't talk; I couldn't eat even. Most of the time I would just more or less look.

I'm afraid *Cleopatra* may have been rather a low point. The only things I was proud of in *Cleopatra*. Fox cut out with unerring accuracy—that is, the core of the characterization. I never would have gone to see it ever, but the British Embassy trapped me. I was in London and they asked me to take the Bolshoi Ballet as my guests to a screening of *Cleopatra*. Afterwards I raced back to the Dorchester Hotel and just made it into the downstairs lavatory and I vomited.

I think because Richard and I are doing *Sandpiper* together, something funny might happen on the screen. We're supposed to play two people in love and I must say, when we look at each other, it's like our eyes have fingers and they grab ahold.

And here I am in *Sandpiper* playing with animals again—I don't mean Richard, of course. As a child I adored being in films, just as long as there was an animal in it—*National Velvet*, *Lassie Come Home*. It's not true, I guess, that I like animals better than people. But they come a close second. I mean there's no bull about an animal.

As a 10-year-old the idea of being in films was like the most magical extension of make-believe. But eventually this tremendously exciting imagination world became more real than life. And when you're living in a cotton-candy cloud wrapped in gauze you're going to get hurt much easier because you haven't learned to take care of yourself. I was so totally chaperoned that I couldn't go to the bathroom alone—not that I wanted to misbehave in the bathroom.

Now if this sounds as though I'm ungrateful to my parents, I'm not. They thought they were doing the right thing and it was what I wanted. They're such lovely people and I'm deeply grateful to them.

One of the few times I've ever really been happy in my life was when I was a kid before I started acting. With the other kids I'd

make up games, play with dolls, pretend games, sort of making up imaginary stories—being other people and all that. But later on, when I'd come home from the studio, we—the other kids and I—just didn't have the same things to talk about. And as I got more famous—after *National Velvet*, when I was 12—I still wanted to be part of their lives, but I think in a way they began to regard me as a sort of an oddity, a freak.

I hated school—because it wasn't school. I wanted terribly to be with kids. On the set the teacher would take me by the ear and lead me into the schoolhouse. I would be infuriated; I was 16 and they weren't taking me seriously. Then after about 15 minutes I'd leave class to play a passionate love scene as Robert Taylor's wife.

But I did have moments of self-revelation when I realized just how emotionally immature I was. I said something to the press then about being a child emotionally inside a woman's body, which was true. I recently have read that it's a shame I didn't say it, that it came out of a press agent's mouth. You want

meet whoever said that and give him a knuckle sandwich.

I only had two ways of running away from everything. Go to college or get married. I got married [to Nicky Hilton] at barely 18. I really *did* think that being married would be like living in a little white cottage with a picket fence and roses.

No one will believe it—and I guess I don't blame them—but I think I ended up being the scarlet woman partly because of my rather puritanical upbringing and beliefs. At first, I guess I didn't know what was love and what was not. I always chose to think I was in love and that love was synonymous with marriage. I couldn't just have a romance; it had to be a marriage.

And I really don't believe in divorce. I know that sounds pretty funny coming from me. When I was first divorced, I was 18 and I had only been married nine months. I was very naive and really totally crushed. It was the first divorce in my family. With Michael Wilding, who was much older than I was, I wanted the calm and quiet and security of friendship.

I let myself go into marriage with Eddie because I felt so sick and dead and cold after Mike's death. I felt I had loved and there would be nothing in my life like that again. But you have to try to survive, make contact with people. I really thought for some idiotic reason that Eddie needed me, and I should make *somebody* happy. It turned out all we had in common was Mike, who'd been his best friend. It was untenable—for both of us, I'm sure.

Richard, unless he wants to divorce me, will never be divorced by me. There will be times in 10 years or 15 years when probably Richard and I will go through a time when . . . I really don't think anything will happen . . . when whatever will be called for to keep our marriage together—I think I will have the guts to do. I have learned that pride is really very bad, the kind of pride that makes you say, I won't tolerate that. We both feel that a kind of miracle has happened. And I love him enough to stand by him no matter what he might do, and I would wait.

Mike Todd was a marvelous man.



and what was not love'

He had a joy, a vitality that was so contagious, so flamboyant. He was a real con artist. He could con the gold out of your teeth. Terribly, gregariously generous.

I'd seen Mike at several parties and known him. It was fun being with him. I was attracted to him, but not overly. The day after my separation from Michael Wilding was in the newspapers, I got a call from Mike and he said I have to see you right away. He didn't ask me, he just told me. So I met him at M-G-M. I was sitting there with my feet on the table, drinking a Coca-Cola and he came in and he came over and picked me up by the arm and without a word just dragged me out of the office, and took me down the corridor, shoved me in an elevator and went down another corridor, still not speaking. He sort of plunked me on the couch, and he pulled a chair around and started in on aspiel that lasted about a half an hour without a stop, saying that he loved me and that there was no question about it, we're going to be married.

I looked at him the same way I imagine a rabbit looks at a mongoose. All kinds of things went through my mind. I thought, oh well, he's stark, raving mad. Jeez, I've got to get away from this man.

But when I went on location, he called me up on the phone every night and he'd talk for a couple of hours. When I had two weeks off, he sent a private plane down to the location to pick me up and fly me away for a week and then we became engaged.

CHILDREN

I love kids. I mean I don't love all kids; I'm not one of those who go up to a baby and sort of tweak its cheek and say what a sweet, goothy baby. I've had three children myself but I've always wanted six, I can't have any more myself, but I'm looking for a little boy now.

Maria is coming along beautifully. I adopted her four years ago in Germany. I'd spent months looking at children in Europe and finally there she was. She was covered with abscesses, suffering from malnutrition and had a crippled hip, maybe for life—and I just loved

CONTINUED



An enthusiastic caterer who doesn't worry about her weight, Taylor picks out a piece of chicken at family

buffet put on by her mother (right) in Beverly Hills. "My husband," says Taylor, "says he loves every ton."



On a vacation at their house in Puerto Vallarta, Mexico, Bartos acts out story for his wife (left) and callers.



Grasping "Thank God," Taylor sprawls in mock collapse after giving a birthday party for daughter Liza.

'God knows, my life should have been murder

TAYLOR
CONTINUED

her. She did not cry, she did not laugh. She was in a laundry basket with two pillows stuffed in the bottom. She had very dark eyes, and she watched everything. I held her and I bathed her and I changed her for three days and finally she started giggling, and finally she would cry when she wanted her bottle.

This funny little introverted person, that was sort of half asleep, responded so to love—the warmth, I think, of two arms. Anyway, I was hooked by the end of a few days. The German officials wanted me to have a perfect baby. To me she *was* perfect. I took her to doctors in Germany, Italy, France. She was spread-eagled in a cast for about two years and we really didn't know whether she would walk ever. Finally a man at Oxford, a great doctor, advised an operation to put in a metal plate. Now she can even run, and has begun to speak. Her first word was "Mama." I guess that's universal, isn't it. But when it happens, you just die.

I think all my children are very remarkable people. Each one is so individual, so different. At the same time they're like me—the shyness of the two boys; Liza's temper—it's a combination of her father's and mine, and that's a pretty wild combination. They all have a slight streak of stubbornness—which I have a very large streak of. Michael is terribly deep and sensitive. Christopher is much more gregarious, and a bit of a clown.

Liza is sort of an independent tornado. She takes charge of the boys. She takes charge of Richard. I gave up the day she was born. She looks so much like Mike—her mannerisms, the way she uses her hands, the way she shrugs her shoulders, and the larceny and con of her mind—it gives you the creeps. She was only six months old when Mike was killed. At one time the resemblance could make me run from the room crying. It was Mike. The only thing missing was a cigar.

You would think she wouldn't like discipline, but it gives her security. And she is so totally feminine—a terrible flirt. I asked her what she wanted to be and she said a bride. She'll make somebody a devastating wife. I wish him luck. Just good luck, wherever you are.

Believe it or not, to my kids I'm not Elizabeth Taylor at all; I'm not anybody other than "Mommy." Recently Michael and I were walking along the street in Puerto Vallarta. He said, "Mommy, everybody's looking at you because

you're so pretty." I thought that was so sweet, so dear. He *really* can believe that. He didn't know that I was an oddity, some kind of public utility. They still don't know that a lot of people loathe my guts.

When I say that my children are remarkable people, I mean, too, that God knows, according to all the rules, my life should have been murder for them. Their lives have been up and down. We've lived like gypsies. And . . . well . . . there's the obvious—I've been married too many times. They loved Mike. And of course, they couldn't understand his death. With Eddie I was very lucky. They liked him as a friend. But when Eddie left they didn't even ask where he had gone. My divorce from Michael Wilding was friendly—if that's ever possible—we just weren't happy together—and the boys see a lot of their father. And I've always been there, the one constant thing.

But still, how terrible to change children's affections, their affections—to give them the insecurity of placing their trust in someone when maybe that someone won't be there next year. I was terrified that they would stop giving themselves to any man.

That's why their love of Richard is so gratifying and really sort of awe-making. When Richard and I agreed we were hurting too many people and he was gone and everything was, like, over—their sense of loss was almost as bad as mine. I tried to explain to them that Richard had two little girls he loved, that he loved my kids as well but his obligation was to his family. They were very sweet about it, but they couldn't figure out why he couldn't love us all.

I was living in Switzerland alone then, knocking myself out not to show anything. Sometimes, at a picnic or something, Michael would come over and put his arms around me and say, "Don't worry about it, Mommy." And sometimes he'd write me little notes—things like, "Please love each other"—and that gave me goosebumps. And Chris would say, "I prayed to God last night that you and Richard would get married."

Now, of course, they're absolutely certain Richard and I will always be married. He's the absolute loss of the household and they respect him for that. Up until Richard, I was the only person they would go to with their problems. And Richard's humor breaks them up. He becomes absolutely the same age as the kids, maybe even younger, and he's so physically active he can wear them out.



Bearing in motherly pride, Taylor congratulates her son Michael, 11, after he did speeches of Shakespeare's *Puck* for a gathering of the whole Taylor clan, Michael and 9-year-old Christopher—at right, holding her Yorkshire terrier—are her sons by Michael Wilding. Her youngest child is Maria (below), 3, whom she adopted in Germany in 1960.

When we're all together alone, we sound like Martians, and the game switches maybe ten times an hour—becoming different people, creatures, saying goofy things.

I know all this sounds rather like a bad novelette. That's why there are certain things I shy away from talking about. It's all a bit corny—I mean, it isn't *really* corn. The situations are corn but if one is feeling deeply, . . . I mean, sentimentality is awful, but *sentiment* is marvelous.

OUR POETRY READING

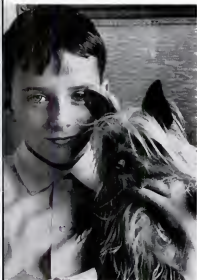
I'm not terribly proud of much that I've done as an actress, but I was proud of myself at the poetry reading Richard and I gave last summer in New York. It was something I never thought I could do. I didn't think I had the courage to face a live audience for the first time. I knew that 85% of them had come there and spent a great deal of money to see me fall flat on my face. Richard couldn't really face working with me till the night before, because I think he thought I would not be able to make it.

When I rehearsed the poems, I



CONTINUED

for all of us'



It is a family joke that Lisa Taylor's 7-year-old daughter, now a movie star, will someday use her formidable wiles to soothe the pretended anger of Richard Burton.

'The public can take an animal delight

TAYLOR CONTINUED

couldn't take my eyes off the page, even though I knew everything by heart. It was almost as if my eyes were on pieces of elastic and they were fastened by Scotch Tape to the page and I believed that if I removed them, there would be a snap of memory.

The first three minutes on stage I was terrified. I came out in a silk jersey dress and all of a sudden the dress started turning dark from my hands. The sweat was really kind of squirting out. But I found after five minutes the adrenalin that I'd heard about happened to me. And all of a sudden I became terribly daring, audacious, and I lifted

my eyes from the page and there was no snapping of my eyeballs. They didn't fall out of my head and I looked at the audience and I said whole stanzas and I didn't mess them up and I was amazed. Richard showed his nerves more than I did, he was so nervous for me. In the week after the poetry reading, we had over a half million dollars' worth of offers in the U.S. alone—poetry reading, mind you.

RICHARD

The first day I saw Richard on the *Cleopatra* set, there was a lot of hemming and hawing, and he said hello to Joe Mankiewicz and everyone. And then he sort of sidled over to me and said, "Has anybody ever told you that you're a very

pretty girl?" And I said to myself, *oy gevaldt*, here's the great lover, the great wit, the great intellectual of Wales, and he comes out with a line like that. I couldn't believe it. I couldn't wait to go back to the dressing room where all the girls were and tell them.

The way I began falling in love with Richard was very funny, really. He was kind of a legend in the theater and in films. He is a pro to the extent, well, it kind of boggles your imagination. For instance, I know of no other film actor who knows the whole script, everybody's lines, the day before he starts working. Now, that's a sweet, enchanting mania, I mean, he really is a banshee, but completely captivating.

Anyway, I figured Richard would come along, the Old Vic actor, and sort of throw cues to Rex when he dried up and before I even opened my mouth he'd probably be throwing me my cues. And I was really very resentful, probably because I envied his Shakespearean background, and the fact that he was not a movie star but a genuine actor.

Well, the first day we were to work together, I've never seen a gentleman so hung over in my whole life. He was kind of quivering from head to foot and there were grog blossoms—you know, from booze—all over his face. He ordered a cup of coffee to sort of still his trembling fits and I had to help it to his mouth, and that



in tearing you into bits'

just endeared him so to me. I thought, well, he really is human. He was so vulnerable and sweet and shaky that with my heart I *craved* him—that's Welsh for "hugged" him.

I always feel much better when I can do something for Richard. Well, I won't say better than when he does something sweet and funny for me—like waking me up in the middle of the night because he wants to talk to me, or driving an hour out to location when he doesn't have to work just to tell me hello. Those times I *kvell*—you know, all kind of melted and whipped cream inside.

But with Richard, I don't get away with nuttin'. I need strength in a man more than any other qual-

ity. I will get away with murder if I can. I used to try, out of my perversity, sometimes to deliberately drive Mike mad. I'd be late, deliberately just fiddle around and be late, and I loved it when he would lose his temper and dominate me, and I would start to purr because he had won and I hadn't. It's funny, though, I don't do that with Richard. There's no need to test him.

I rely on him totally now, ask him about everything, even to say which dress do you like best. And if he doesn't like a dress, whether it came from Dior and cost two thousand bucks, I won't wear it. And he likes that.

And Richard pays all the bills. That's only happened in my life once before—with Mike. I think it must be terrible for a man if his wife is . . . well, I know what it can do. Both sides lose respect. When I finally started making big money, which was *Suddenly Last Summer*, I was absolutely broke. I'd loaned it all. And later on, almost everything got spent. Now with Richard, I've started saving money.

You know, I love not being me, not being Elizabeth Taylor, but being Richard's wife. My God, I was on a merry-go-round so long. I was running too fast, full of fear, self-doubts. I'd do impulsive things—knowing I was heading for disaster. Almost trying to find out if I was alive or dead! And now the relief to be off and to breathe and to feel without the panic. I think it's the first time in my life that I'm not afraid of myself—of what I will do. Richard has given me all this.

I am so proud of him. He has such fun, it's contagious. It's like knowing a whirlwind that sparkles and shoots off and people catch the sparkle. He has the most mercurial, retentive, darting brain. There's something wild, rather like a running deer about his thinking.

And he's a lovely tease. The two of us act like we're 17 years old. My favorite time is when we're alone at night and sometimes for hours we talk—and giggle—about, maybe, books, world events, the children, when we first met, problems, daydreams, real dreams.

Richard even loses his temper with enjoyment. It's really beautiful to watch. I adore fighting with



As the Burtons are driven away from the theater, fans press forward for glimpses into shadowed limousine.

him. They're all sort of screaming matches, shouting and yelling, and it's rather like a small atom bomb going off—sparks fly, walls shake, floors reverberate.

I heard about some people who were staying in New York at the Regency Hotel who deliberately got the suite below ours. Can you believe this? And they hired it, like, a month in advance, and they stood up on several chairs on top of each other and put an empty glass against the ceiling and listened to find out what was going on. Well, they got a careful. I think the glass cracked, and they went around telling everybody, "Oh, it's terrible, it's a shame about the Burtons; oh, I heard the most awful fight." But what the poor jerks didn't know is that it's a vocal exercise—really, that's all.

Once I had the flu, so I was in bed watching television, and Richard came in after *Hamlet* slightly crooked and in a sort of fury about something, and I thought it was because I was sick in bed, because he really can't bear sickness.

Anyway, he said, "Turn that censored, censored television off." And I said, "Oh, but I'm watching the most marvelous movie." I'd never seen Peter Sellers in a movie before and I was really enjoying it and Richard stalked out of the room. He came back in his pajamas and his bare feet and he sort of tore over to the TV set. Oh, first of all he said, "I was booted tonight," and I said, "Oh, darling, it's just some idiot. Don't pay any attention to that." And I guess I didn't even look at him. And he said, "I was booted tonight." And I said, "Don't be so silly." Anyway, he walked over to the television set and kicked it right over and it hit the wall and one of the knobs fell off, and that wasn't good enough so he had to kick it on the floor, and he kicked quite a large metal screw and cut his foot to the bone. . . . I put some iodine on it and bandaged it, but at the moment all I could do was

really get kind of convulsive. I started laughing and of course that's the worst thing you can do. He was in terrible pain. The blood was squirting out all over, because you know he has slight hemophilia and he bleeds quite profusely and it was squirting all over everything and I was helpless with laughter. I think he could have killed me for that.

REPUTATION

The public takes an animal delight in putting somebody on the top and then tearing them into little bits. But I have never in my life believed in fighting back to "cure" my public image. We all have to participate in our own downfalls, and it doesn't absolve you to cop a plea by throwing mud on other people. The one who throws the mud is always reduced.

Whether I have been fickle or not fickle—and nobody will ever know but those involved—by God, it's none of the public's business. In living my private life, my responsibility is to the people who are directly involved with me. A great part of the stuff that gets printed about me as fact is actually a lot of bull. Everything that I've done in my life that is a mistake I will admit is a mistake and answer for it. But I'm not going to answer for an image created by hundreds of people who do not know what's true or false. That would take me from here to doomsday.

It really is so tedious. I mean, like, who *really* cares? Mrs. Jones from Pismo Beach who reads that made-up stuff and believes it *wants* to believe it and is going to think it regardless of what she reads. And if Schweitzer gave me a testimonial, nobody would believe that.

According to the code of ethics today, I have, I suppose, behaved immorally because I broke the conventions. I didn't feel immoral or

Nighly for the four-month run of *Hamlet*, thousands thronged to watch Burton and Taylor leave the theater after his performance—a phenomenon unmatched on Broadway.

'The turning point in my life came when I almost died—five times'

TAYLOR
CONTINUED

dirty, but I knew what I was doing—loving Richard—was wrong. I felt terrible heartache because so many innocent people were involved, but I couldn't help loving Richard. There was only one thing I could do and that was to leave him and not see him. And I did that. We did want everything to work out the other way. But it didn't. And I think it would have been wrong to make everybody pay.

There was only one thing good about that period in limbo. We were put through a time of such—to use a cliché—brimstone and fiery water... Oh God, it was awful... that if our love had not been valid, it certainly would have disintegrated and turned into anything from disgust to shame. But if anything, it intensified. Then Richard started talking marriage; I mean, he made his decision. Of course, I wanted to be his wife more than anything in the world.

You know, it's so hard to talk about all this—and I'm not sure I should. I have such an ingrained sense of privacy. I don't know—there's a point past which I cannot go just for the public's benefit. There's always this terrible danger, when one talks about oneself, of sounding like you're trying to capitalize on your emotions, your relationships. And it sounds like I'm trying to explain myself, justify myself, like most of us do when we make mistakes. And it's so undignified. My life has lacked dignity. Let's face it. But I shouldn't add to it by going into something that doesn't belong to the public.

I have learned, however, that there's no descendant like success. Richard and I had been pretty successful and all of a sudden, after the opening night of *Hamlet* in New York, everything was beaming and savoring. People that hadn't spoken to us in two years were patting him on the back and giving me a kiss on the cheek.

It's all very different now from Rome. We were spit at there. And going through those crowds, thank goodness I didn't speak Italian. Sometimes I got scared; I thought I was going to give birth to square eggs. Richard wouldn't even let me read the papers in Rome. It was wise, because no matter how much of a facade you put on, it hurts desperately, especially when they add untruths. What used to kill us was when people would say, "We don't care what they do in private

life, but do they have to air their dirty laundry in public?" God, we were doing everything we could not to make it public. I think we went out maybe five times in all those months—and we ran and the photographers had. Photographers dressed up like priests would come to the door, they'd get inside in the hose dressed as workmen or as plumbers. Sometimes, outside in the garden, suddenly it was like we were besieged by the paparazzi. They were on the wall, climbing up with stepladders from the outside. And the servants would come rushing out with brooms and rakes, and the kids turned the hose on those manias. We made it like cops and robbers. Otherwise I think the kids would have felt like hunted little animals. Yet we were accused of airing our "little affair" in public.

I know that I will never be able to be really and truly dignified; I will not be allowed to be. I have paid and Richard has paid through both of our hearts and our guts. Our brains have bled. But still it doesn't make up. We'll never be able to pay the bill.

Maybe in one way, indirectly, we can make up for the hurt that we have caused—by now being good to each other and loving each other. Something good has already been born, but it has to be not just for now. Twenty-five years from now, fifty, then it will have a meaning, then it will all have been for something.

NEAR DEATH

I really believe that while lives can have turning points. Mine came during my marriage to Eddie, when I got so sick with pneumonia and almost died—five times. I had been living ever since Mike's death with something deeply desperate within me. I was hoping to be happy, pretending to be happy. But I was in this indulgent lethargy, being consumed by self-pity instead of being grateful and glad over how lucky I was. I think my subconscious allowed me to become that ill in the first place.

I was at a hotel because I have a terrible fear of hospitals—that awful, antiseptic smell, that sort of soft, squishy sound of nurses' footsteps. The nurse discovered that I was blue, that I had stopped breathing and my nails were starting to turn black. I was suffocating, and she picked up the phone and called for a doctor. Near my room there was a party being given for a young medical student who was getting married. The hotel operator

figured that there would be doctors there—and one of the greatest anesthesiologists and resuscitators was there. This man, in his dicky bow and tails, came flying down the corridor. He picked me up by the heels and tried to make me lose some of the congestion in my chest by making me sick. And nothing happened. And then he stuck his fist down my throat to make me gag. Nothing happened. Then he started hitting me on the chest to break up the congestion. Nothing happened. Then he started gouging at my eyes because even in the deepest coma you evidently react to pain. So he gouged away like mad and I opened my eyes. Now mind you, when I went to bed, I'd just had a nice dinner with Yul Brynner and I woke up and someplace in my subconscious I knew somebody was taking advantage of me. I took a breath, which kept me alive, and said, "Why don't you bug off!" and then went crash out again for six days.

They got me to the hospital, slit my throat and stuck a pump down to take this stuff out of my lungs—which if you molded it into a ball and threw it on the floor it would bounce. I did come to on the operating table. Everybody had green caps, green masks, green outfits and this huge, blazing light was over my head. I tried to say the usual bromide, "Where am I?" But the breath just blew out the gash in my throat—a big wound mouth. I couldn't even whisper. Now you can't imagine how terrifying that is. That's when I thought maybe I was dead. Then I became aware of this terrible contraption and that I couldn't move. My whole body was paralyzed. But I guess my eyelids were moving, my mouth was trying to move. I don't know how long nobody noticed—I screamed inside—like one of those awful science-fiction stories you read of somebody waking up in a coffin.

Finally one of the nurses saw that my eyes were open and there must have been a look of such terror in my eyes, because she bent over and told me that I was at the London Clinic and that I was going to be all right. And I knew I was going to die. I gestured that I wanted to write something, because the feeling of being unable to communicate was more frightening than anything. And I wrote, "Am I still dying?" And the writing looked like a 190-year-old creature—it took up a whole page. Then I went into another coma.

They had a terrible time taking that awful stuff out of my lungs. Four times after the initial one, I stopped breathing. Once I started to go when I was awake, I tried to draw a breath and nothing happened. I could feel the oxygen leaving my whole system. Instead of blood it was like boiling water flowing through my whole body, and it was like tons on my chest and the terrible thing of pulling, sucking and not being able to get any breath, and finally getting dizzy. There was a scream in my head, and the pain as the oxygen



Two classic Taylors: the clown and the beauty. Having her hair done, she mugs at photographer McDowell, one of her oldest friends. At right he caught her without makeup.

started to leave my brain—scorching pain—and then the noise. And I screamed with prayers. I wanted to live. I prayed to God to live. All I had time for was like a scream—oh God, oh God.

After one of those times that I didn't know about, I woke up feeling so tranquil. It sounds crazy. I remembered dreaming that I had talked to Mike. Now that sounds, you know, just kind of too, too weird, and when I woke up, I was so filled with awe that I told a couple of doctors—I know they thought I was around the bend—but I was not afraid any more.

When I came to that last time, it was like being given sight, ears, touch, sense of color. Like, I was—I don't know—29 years old, but had just come out of my own womb.

I'm afraid I wanted more in my life than what I had.

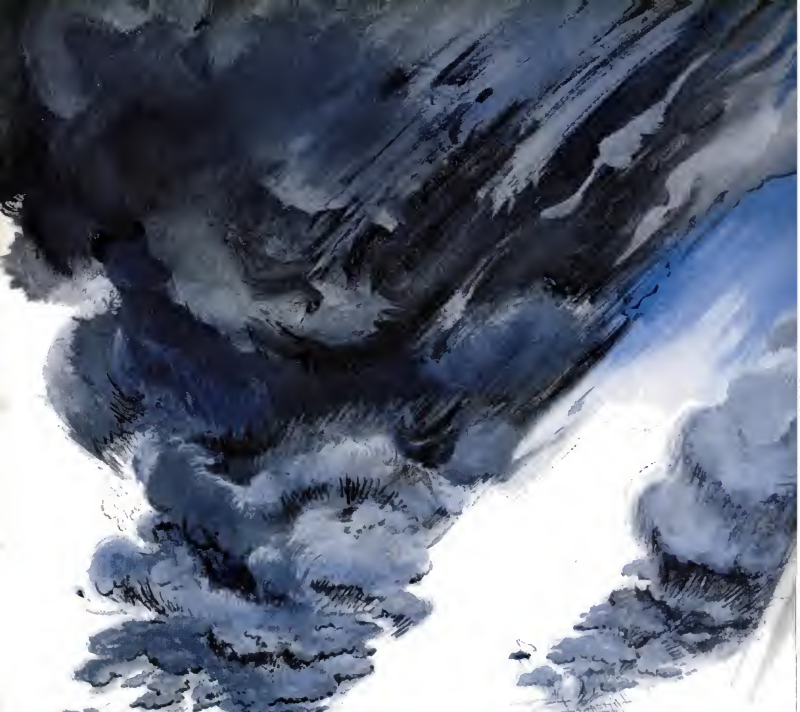




On the balcony of their living room, to the accompaniment of rain falling on Puerto Vallarta,

Richard and Elizabeth Burton sing folk songs he learned as a boy in his native Wales and taught her.





*Jetliners face
unknown peril of savage winds*

TURBULENCE—HIDDEN GIANT IN THE SKY

by WARREN R. YOUNG

Rain had been falling in fitful spurts on Miami's airport and gusts of wind galloped back and forth across the apron. The 35 passengers for Flight 705, anxious to reach Chicago and points west, trooped

out docilely despite the weather to join the eight crew members already aboard the sleek red-white-and-blue jetliner. Other planes were flying in and out. Some had swung almost to Bimini Islands 55 miles

out in the Atlantic to circle the line squall which had been moving in all day; others had merely zig-zagged between the thunderstorm cells—the violent nuclei of thunderstorm systems—which showed

as bright blotches on their cockpit radar. As he aligned the swept-back, willowy wings of his 90-ton, four-jet Boeing 720B at the east end of the runway, Northwest Airlines' Captain Roy Almqvist had

CONTINUED



McCall

'You vectored us right into that turbulence ... we will turn as soon as we can'

TURBULENCE CONTINUED

two miles of visibility. And so, at just 22 seconds after 1:35 p.m. on Feb. 12, 1963, he took off into the troubled air.

Climbing toward altitude, and trying always to keep to the clear parts of the sky, Captain Almqvist swung the jet back and forth from heading to heading, first toward the south, then to the west, finally turning toward the northwest. Routinely, he and the air-traffic controllers on the ground agreed by radio on each change in his course. Once he objected to a suggested heading: "... Negative. You vectored us right into that moderate-to-heavy turbulence. We are out of 10 [thousand] now. We will turn right as soon as we can." A little later Captain Almqvist reported that he could see open sky ahead. And then, not quite 13 minutes after take-off, Flight 705 disappeared from the traffic center's radar scope. Before the trace faded, the controller marked the route leading up to the empty spot on the glass with a black crayon.

Within minutes the Civil Aeronautics Board, which investigates each flying accident in the U.S., had launched a massive and meticulous detective hunt. Just after nightfall, search parties in track-

tered vehicles and helicopters reached the charred and twisted remains of the jetliner, scattered on the saw grass in the spongy, desolate swamps of Everglades National Park. All who had been aboard were dead. The soft algae-laden soil, soaked with 25 tons of fuel, burned quietly like the wick of a kerosene lamp.

Looking for clues that would pin the blame on man, nature or machine, the CAB men began their grim sifting of facts from among the muted symbols of tragedy. They found the plane's automatic flight recorder, its steel containers scorched but its contents still there. They stuck yellow plastic flags in the ground to mark the exact spots from which bodies were gathered. They located the plane's tail surfaces, separated from each other and far from the main wreckage. In a hangar they reconstructed the plane, fastening the pieces to a chicken-wire frame.

Gradually, the shape of the jetliner emerged once more, silent, unmoving, disemboweled. In Washington, D.C. the creases on the flight recorder's metallic tape—showing speeds, headings, altitudes and acceleration forces in the last seconds—were studied under high-power binocular microscopes.

The maze of clues added up to

an awesome riddle. Apparently the powerful craft had been wrested from the experienced hands of its pilots and hurled to earth. But how this could have happened was not yet clear. Was some invisible force of nature responsible? Some flaw in the flight systems devised by man which might be identified and corrected? Or was it simply an imponderable coup of fate?

The formal hearings on the crash, held in Miami, indicted both the works of man and the workings of nature. The implications went far beyond the bounds of this particular tragedy. The 2,445 pages of evidence help to explain a number of jet crashes and mishaps. And they launched a fretful debate, behind the scenes, over what countersteps should be taken to prevent a repetition.

A prize witness at the hearings was Paul Higgins, a Boeing Company engineer. He was armed with a computer analysis of data on the plane's design and on information recovered from the crashed plane's flight recorder. Higgins' testimony sketched in the first major strokes of an outline of what probably happened to Flight 705. Taken together with other expert views, it provides a recognizable picture of the jetliner's last 45 seconds.

At 12 minutes after take-off, Flight 705 was climbing up through an altitude of 17,000 feet, going about 300 mph and heading toward what Captain Almqvist had described on the radio as clear air. He had already run into one fairly rough spot.

At this point, the indications are that the plane suddenly flew into a huge updraft of air. Captain Almqvist, almost surely without any warning, found himself in a terrifying climb. Like a monstrous hand, the vertical current shoved the heavy plane upwards, at a rate of 8,800 feet per minute.

Captain Almqvist might have tried to lower the nose to keep the air speed from slackening off during the dizzying rise into thinner air. In addition the rough air was probably shaking the plane, which could have convinced him that it was about to stall, adding urgency to his efforts to push the nose down. To make matters far worse, he was probably having great difficulty determining his plane's attitude in the sky—whether it was pointed up or down, rolling to the right or left. The instruments that normally do the job in a jet were no doubt

shaking and rolling too much to be of any use.

Then, just nine seconds after entering the powerful updraft, the jet apparently emerged into an equally violent downdraft. And, at about this time, Captain Almqvist's frantic attempts to lower the nose seem to have finally taken effect—far too much effect. The plane, more perfectly streamlined than any arrow, plunged over into a straight-dive. Accelerating quickly, perhaps to supersonic velocity, it plummeted toward earth, tipping a bit farther than the vertical until it was pitched slightly on its back. When a mile and a half of altitude remained, the pilots—hanging from their seat belts, unable to read any of the tumbling instruments and trying to overcome forces that would make each arm feel as if it weighed 45 pounds—made a final, futile effort to achieve a pull-out. Their action did manage to change the angle of the dive—about 10 degrees, or just enough to accomplish a straight-down plunge.

During the pull-out attempt the tail tore off the plane. The whole craft then came apart in the air, its fuel caught fire and, just 20 seconds after it had nosed over—almost four miles above, the broken jet hit the swamp.

Whatever else had gone wrong with Flight 705—and 22 months after the crash the CAB had yet to assign the official cause of the crash—it was evident from Higgins' testimony that the triggering circumstance in the catastrophe must have been an encounter with a long underrated and little understood force of nature which lurks in the skies. It is called turbulence.

The eerie pattern of disaster which emerged could equally well fit, in many ways, a series of literally dozens of accidents, fatal and nonfatal, all involving jets over the past five years. In all of these mishaps turbulence appears to be the common denominator.

Turbulence is, simply, rough or agitated air. Like the ocean, the earth's sea of air is constantly in motion. Aviators have always known that perils waited in the air's crosscurrents, eddies and waves. But in the slower aircraft of the past, there usually was time to recover—even from violent, turbulence-created upsets. In comparison with the many other hazards to which propeller planes were subject, rough air was considered a minor problem. When the high-



PATTERN FOR DISASTER

In a greatly simplified diagram of the forces which produce turbulence and their action on a jetliner, a plane is shown flying in an area of thunderstorms. As the pilot aims for an apparently clear space between two storm cells, the plane encounters a storm-generated updraft which sends it hurtling upward despite the pilot's efforts to keep the nose down. Meanwhile, the high-altitude current of winds

known as the jet stream (shown as a corkscrew) has been deflected by the updrafts, producing a savage downdraft between the cells. When the plane encounters this force, it could be sent into a dive. The actions the pilot has been taking to counteract the updraft could now have the catastrophic effect of accelerating the dive—as may have happened in several actual instances—bringing on a crash.

CONTINUED

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'We don't even have a satisfactory theory for it'

NEWTON LIEURANCE
U.S. Weather Bureau



TURBULENCE CONTINUED

flying jets came to the U.S. five years ago, pilots were told they would travel "above the weather" most of the time.

But as the jet age unfolded, the thin cold air of the upper altitudes has been found to harbor turbulence more violent than had ever been imagined. No one yet fully understands these forces.

"All we know," says Newton Lieurance, director of Aviation Weather Affairs for the U.S. Weather Bureau, "is that the air will be violently agitated within most thunderstorms and along the jet streams in the upper air. The streams are like high-speed rivers of air meandering across the sky. The difference between the wind speed of the jet stream and the surrounding air may be 200 mph, and the shearing action that results produces swirling eddies. We also know," says Lieurance, "that there are vertically rotating waves of air that come rolling off the lee side of mountains like breakers on a monstrous sea.

"Not long ago, we thought that about summed up the causes of turbulence. Now we've had to change our minds. We don't even know what types exist. We really don't have even a satisfactory theory for turbulence and it looks as though we won't have for years to come."

The turbulence that pilots have actually encountered seems to occur in a bewildering number of places, heights and sizes. It has been discovered in the rated levels above 50,000 feet, where previous theory held that there could be none. It has been found over every part of the country, in clear skies and foul, at low, medium and high altitudes. An area of dangerously turbulent air may be several miles in width or mere feet. The condition may last for just a few seconds or for an hour.

Yet, by and large, U.S. meteorologists still must rely for their knowledge of today's weather on balloons, which are sent up every six or 12 hours from just 80 stations located about 200 miles apart across the U.S. "We do a pretty good job of forecasting," says Lieurance, "but only for large-scale weather. We usually can tell the farmer or the businessman what he wants to know—primarily whether

it will rain—with fair accuracy. We have even reached the point where we are predicting the likelihood of upper-air turbulence occurring within imaginary "boxes" of air space several miles on a side. But here we still hit it right only about half the time."

Crashes of pre-jet airliners usually could be traced to some correctable weakness in the machine or some error committed by the man at its controls. Precisely because they were traced, most such hazards have by now been eliminated from modern air transport. U.S. airlines last year carried 71 million paying passengers a total of 50 billion miles and took only 121 lives. Bicycles and bathtubs each kill several times as many. Actually, traveling the highway to the airport can be the most hazardous portion of a jet trip. The jets are enormously satisfying both for the pilots who fly them and the passengers who fly in them.

Yet for all their vaunted performance as history's best transportation device, jetliners seem peculiarly vulnerable to rough, roiling air. Their swept-back wings, their marvelous streamlining, their need for complete reliance on a cockpit full of instruments and their intricate power-driven control surfaces combine to create a high-spirited but delicately balanced machine. Ordinary gusts of wind cannot faze the jet. But, as the Miami crash hearings revealed, turbulence is something else.

During the months following the Everglades crash, while safety officials pondered the evidence of the hearings and tried to decide what if anything ought to be done, the problem of turbulence began to loom larger and larger.

In July 1963, five months to the day after the Miami crash, a United Air Lines jet tried to climb above a line of midnight clouds over O'Neill, Neb., 30 miles from the nearest thunderstorm. The air roughened, the nose pitched up uncontrollably (Captain L. E. Duescher and his copilot thought that it was pointed straight up) and the plane fell into a slanting dive. As the speed passed the limit that the airframe was designed to withstand safely, the controls became "frozen" by the onrushing air. The pilots dared to slam on *more* pow-

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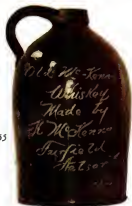
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A traditional Christmas eggnog—made with gold or amber label Puerto Rican rum. Photograph by Alan Fontaine.

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light. Beat in $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. sugar until thick. Stir in 1 qt. milk and a fifth of *gold* or *amber label* Puerto Rican rum. Chill 3 hrs. Pour into punch bowl. Fold in 1 qt. stiffly whipped cream. Chill 1 hr. Dust with nutmeg. Serves 24.

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'We don't know if we have a turbulence problem or not'

BOBBIE ALLEN
CAB Safety Bureau



er. As they had hoped, the nose lifted enough for the controls to take hold. The plane pulled out at 12,000 feet. Nobody was badly injured, so technically the incident was not an accident—yet 59 terrified human beings had fallen, completely out of control, for five miles.

The next month an Eastern Air Lines DC-8 took off from Dulles International Airport, Va., aimed at a gap between thunderstorm cells 10 to 30 miles away. When still not a mile high, it hit what Captain Stephen Parkinson was to call "the most violent jolt I have ever experienced in over 20,000 hours of flying." He felt, he said, as if he were sitting on the end of a huge tuning fork. Then the plane flipped over sideways, almost on its back. When the pilots, who could no longer read their instruments, finally rolled the plane right side up, using a deck of clouds for a guide, the big jet was just 1,325 feet above the ground. In the cabin a baby boy had slipped from the grasp of his mother, who recalls, "I could see my baby lying on the ceiling, crying." After landing, the captain told a passenger they must have hit a tornado.

Three months after that in Texas an Eastern Air Lines DC-8 being flown by Copilot Grant Newby under the command of Captain Mel French was climbing into an arch of clouds between two thunderstorm cells and heading toward the blue. At 18,000 feet they hit a bump "like driving across a railroad track." To their utter astonishment both pilots and the flight engineer saw the needles on the plane's two air-speed indicators swing to zero. Pilot Newby pushed his control column forward to put the nose down and pick up speed, but the jet swooped over "like a roller coaster" into an uncontrollable, high-speed dive. After all else failed, Captain French put the four engines into reverse and the plane pulled out between cloud layers with just 5,000 feet to spare. Several passengers had been tossed to the ceiling and injured and one jet engine had torn entirely off the plane, but the captain managed to land safely.

In November a year ago a Trans-Canadian Air Lines DC-8 crashed four minutes after take-off from storm-swept Montreal, killing all 118 aboard. Unlike U.S. jets, the Canadian plane carried no auto-

matic flight recorder. But there were striking similarities to the series of U.S. turbulence mishaps.

By that time the hazard of rough air was becoming so apparent in technical circles that when a Pan American 707 exploded nine days later in a storm near Elktion, Md. aviation experts everywhere assumed at first that turbulence had struck again. Within a few days this theory was refuted by the CAB. The disaster, they said, was the second case in civil aviation history where lightning had probably ignited a plane's fuel. But before that announcement came, the Elktion crash ironically had finally generated the first real sense of urgency about turbulence. Aviation, high-level meetings of aviation officials were quietly convened across the country.

This past January an American Airlines 707 flying near Alamosa, Colo. suddenly hit a "terrifically sharp jolt" of air, which tossed the plane about savagely but did not wrest it completely from Captain H. D. Schmidt's control. During those couple of minutes one engine pod support was cracked. Afterwards Captain Schmidt reported: "I can't honestly say that a person was in control of the airplane . . . you don't get panicky but a man would be an idiot to say you don't get scared. . . ."

In February an Eastern DC-8 took off near storms at New Orleans. Nine minutes later, from causes as yet unknown, the jet with its 58 occupants dived at high speed into Lake Pontchartrain. Searchers on barges laboriously fished up two thirds of the plane, the largest remnant being a five-foot section of the tail. The copilot on the plane was Grant Newby, who had survived the wild dive over Texas three months earlier. One pilot who had taken off just before reported that "the air was rough."

In addition to these instances there are records in the files of the CAB of more than 25 lesser turbulence-related accidents to jetliners since 1960. In many of these cases the planes were knocked about by forces greater than their supposed structural limits. In these cases at least 18 stewardesses and passengers were hurled about the cabin and seriously injured, usual-



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CONTINUED

TURBULENCE CONTINUED

ly because they were not belted in. Among jetliner pilots the shop talk has long been that turbulence was the villain in a great many additional near-tragedies which went unreported only because the injuries and damage proved too slight to be officially classified as accidents.

Yet as late as this past summer nobody was willing to admit anything officially. Shortly before he was appointed director of its crash-investigating Safety Bureau in October, the CAB's Bobbie R. Allen indicated that all the talk among pilots, passengers and weather men about rough skies might well prove to be just so much hot air. "If I were trying to write a best-selling novel," he said, "I'd put 'turbulence' in the title—there seems to be so much interest. We don't know if we have a turbulence problem or not."

Najeeb Halaby, boss of the Federal Aviation Agency, said, "I can discern neither a pattern nor a panacea, and so I don't sleep so well nights. This is a terrible admission to make, but I wouldn't know what to do about it if we did prove turbulence was the cause. I guess we think that the system

'I had to try and find out what had happened to us'

CAPTAIN MEL FRENCH
Eastern Air Lines Pilot

of corrections we've launched will be the answer."

Throughout 1963, federal action taken against the turbulence danger was limited to advice to air crews. In November of that year, nine months after Flight 705 crashed, the FAA recommended a new "turbulence penetration" speed. The existing procedure had called for slowing from cruising airspeeds (around 550 mph) to about 300 mph when rough air was expected or encountered. Jet pilots were now urged to slow only to 325 mph. The agency also warned that if the pilot chose to keep the autopilot engaged during turbulence, he should disconnect its altitude-holding circuits which could tilt the plane to dangerous angles. And pilots coping with rough air were also cautioned against making any adjustment of the horizontal stabilizer—the part of the plane's tail which looks like a

miniature wing and to the rear of which are the elevators.

Behind the changes in the recommended piloting procedures lay a more complex concern. It was spelled out in a now-classic technical paper by Northwest Airlines' director of flight standards, Paul Soderlind. In it he pointed out similarities in the behavior of Flight 705 before its crash and those of the plane which dived but recovered over O'Neill, Neb. He re-emphasized some points which, supposedly, pilots already knew.

Jetliners can "stall"—that is, their wings can lose their lift—not only if the air speed drops too low but also if it gets too high. At high altitudes or under stress imposed by abrupt aerial maneuvers or turbulent winds, the two stalling speeds begin to converge. The plane above O'Neill, Neb., for example, climbing above clouds at heights near its aerodynamic ceil-

ing, was threatening a narrow path between a low-speed stall and a high-speed stall when it was thrown into its long dive.

The chief danger from an unexpected stall, or nose-over, is that lowering a jetliner's nose more than about 30° from horizontal means serious trouble. In a 90° straight-down dive such as Flight 705's, a Boeing witness admitted that even if all the other conditions relating to plane, pilots and weather had been ideal, 17,000 feet might not be enough room to allow a pull-out.

The reason a pull-out from a steep dive is so nearly impossible lies in the jet's speed-loving design—its marvelous streamlining. Despite its great length and wingspan (each dimension is equal to the height of a 12-story building), the drag of the air as it moves past the entire 11,000-or-so square feet of a jetliner's metal skin at any normal flying speed is no more than that which it would meet upon hitting the flat side of a seven-by-eight-foot barn door. This streamlining, coupled with the tug of gravity upon its mass of up to 160 tons, turns a diving jet into an accelerating projectile. In the cockpit time literally collapses. At best, even in a sloping



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dive, perhaps 15 seconds are available in which the pilot must make the decisions and take the actions that can avert disaster.

The Miami hearings touched also on a second feature of the jets' design that could cancel out even those few seconds of cockpit decision time: the near-impossibility of reading the attitude instrument, called "the artificial horizon," when the plane is pitched into an extreme position or when it is being buffeted. Except on a bright clear day when the horizon is clearly distinguishable to the pilot, it is virtually impossible to keep a jetliner flying straight and level without the help of instruments. Among the planes which were thrown out of control by turbulence, the only ones which recovered were those that fell into clear sky, where their pilots were able to align themselves visually, with either the ground or a level layer of clouds. Many airlines have therefore set to work to modify their attitude instruments, making them larger and in some cases adding words or colors to their faces to make them easier to read.

A third aspect of jetliner design may play an even more significant

'It was like sitting on the end of a huge tuning fork'

CAPTAIN STEPHEN PARKINSON
Eastern Air Lines Pilot

part in rough-air accidents than either superstreamlining or unreadable instruments. In the crash of Flight 705 and in two other fatal crashes—at Montreal and at New Orleans—the horizontal stabilizer in the tail was found in each case to have been adjusted to an extreme "nose-down" position.

The stabilizer can be tilted only a few degrees up or down, a nearly imperceptible difference to the eye. Yet if it is set in maximum nose-down position while in a dive, a crash becomes inevitable. In the normal course of operations the pilots or the autopilot frequently adjust the stabilizer setting: for example, to rebalance the plane when its center of gravity shifts, as it does when several passengers walk to the tail section at the same time.

The telltale items of wreckage which fixed the exact stabilizer position in each of these three

fatal crashes were the jackscrews—40-inch steel rods with spiral threads. Located in the tails of all jets, they are power-operated and they "jack" the front edge of the stabilizer up or down, just like an auto jack.

How did Flight 705's stabilizer come to be in such a fatal nose-down position? There are several possible explanations. Simple pilot error could have been magnified by confusion over either the plane's attitude or the setting of the stabilizer. Or the jackscrew mechanism could have malfunctioned. Or, if the autopilot was flying the plane, Captain Almqvist and his copilot may have tried to overpower it—which is supposed to be possible with no more than a 30-pound pull on the control column. If so, as they lifted the elevators to avert a steep dive, the robot might simply have fought back by adjusting the sta-

bilizer jackscrews, brainlessly reacting against any force trying to alter its control.

However it got there, the stabilizer on Flight 705 was in extreme nose-down position and, once the jet picked up diving speed, it became a nearly hopeless matter to try to readjust it. The swift flow of air would have been too strong to be overcome by the drive-motor controlling the jackscrews.

Finally recognizing the multiplicity of ways in which the stabilizer can be moved into a dangerous position, the airlines reset a "limit-stop" device on all 707s, 720s and DC-8s, permitting only a fraction as much nose-down adjustment as before. This may be enough to eliminate the hazard. But some airline pilots say additional tail changes may be needed—perhaps a greater area of movable control surfaces to help balance the bulky planes in the sky, perhaps a stronger drive-motor for the jackscrews, perhaps an improved indicator on the control panel which will show the precise position of the stabilizer at every instant.

Other airmen argue that a careful re-evaluation of the caprices of the autopilot is in order. "I

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'Every thunderstorm is a tornado to me—no matter what'

CAPTAIN F. D. VORIS
TWA Pilot



TURBULENCE CONTINUED

welcome any help," says TWA jet Captain F. D. Voris, who went through one of the first recorded jet-turbulence incidents in 1960. "But I know that the robot is not as good a pilot as I am. And I'm sure that the plane can be torn apart whenever a pilot's mind and the pseudo mind in that box part company."

Modifying equipment and flying techniques may improve the chances of a jetliner caught in turbulence, but these steps shed little light on the nature of turbulence itself. And there seems to be no short cut to new knowledge. "Extreme turbulence," says one worried expert, "is like a rare wild animal. If you really want to study it, you must hunt it down."

One attempt to get close to the beast and to chart the relationship between thunderstorms and tornadoes and turbulence was made by a team of 10 Weather Bureau scientists at Kansas City who were engaged in the National Severe Storms Project between 1956 and 1963. With Air Force pilots they flew deliberately into the heart of thunderstorms—and amassed a total of more than 17 hours collecting data at jet altitudes. Some of their findings recently have made weathermen drastically revise even such classical assumptions as they had. "When we encountered [gusts of] 208 feet per second [142 mph]," said NSSP director Clayton Van Thullen, testifying at the Miami crash hearings, "I was shocked. Now that we encounter 360 feet per second [245 mph] I am getting a little more used to it."

The mechanical action of the thunderstorm cell itself, which airline pilots have long known they must avoid, is basically related to many types of turbulence. Except for the funnel of a tornado—which is often generated by it—a thunderstorm cell contains the most concentrated violence found in meteorology. The storm cell may be a swirling column five miles across; the tornado funnel hundreds of feet or less. Yet the energy within either of them is literally equal to that of a small A-bomb.

From the top of a thundercloud formation a stretched out "anvil" cloud often streaks out like a plume. It is in such a complex that the funnel of a tornado may

be spawned, reaching a narrow, whirling finger to earth and sucking objects aloft. Each year in the U.S., observers report about 650 full-fledged tornadoes. Yet pilots and storm experts know that many other unreported funnels extend down only part way and are almost invisible.

"To me, every thunderstorm is a tornado," says Captain Voris, "no matter what the book definition may be."

A long squall line of thunderstorms of the tornado-bearing type was, in fact, carefully followed by the Weather Bureau's Donald House as it traveled across half the continent in February 1963. When it was about 75 miles from Miami on the morning of the 12th, the decision was made to downgrade the forecast to a lesser hazard—brief hours before the crash of Flight 705.

The part that disturbs me," says House, "is that because it was reaching the edge of the map, we could no longer predict what it would do. The Gulf of Mexico is a 'sparse data area.' We had no stations there and had to depend on reports from ships at sea."

Two pilots who survived unexpected dives last year—Captain French and Captain Parkinson—believe that their planes must have encountered the invisible vortex of a developing funnel cloud. Halfway convinced that he was living on borrowed time after being seconds from a crash, Captain French took time off and spent thousands of dollars of his own money to explore the technical possibilities of his theory. He reasoned that only the high winds at the edge of a twister—moving in his plane's direction—could have nullified his air speed, as his indicators had shown. Despite official lack of interest in his efforts, the captain found 19 physical factors corroborating his view. Weatherman Van Thullen also studied the Captain French hypothesis in detail and concluded: "We cannot either prove or disprove such an assumption. However, he was in a region of wind shear which could have been strong enough to produce eddies of a vortex nature."

A really serious effort to track down all of the more savage forms of turbulence would probably



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TURBULENCE CONTINUED

require heavily instrumented jet planes which would deliberately and repeatedly fly into truly rough air. To convert a jetliner to this purpose might cost as much as \$3 million—less than half its original cost—but so far such a program has found little official support.

A much less ambitious campaign is now being planned. NASA is equipping and modifying a smaller, straight-winged jet of the type usually used as private executive transports with an elaborate electronic computer. The computer will "fool" both the plane and its pilots into reacting exactly as if the plane were a full-sized airliner but without the risk of being unable to recover if upset. The first such "mock jetliner" will not be ready for turbulence research until about 1966. The Air Force also has announced a newly stepped up program to measure turbulence at various heights, using U-2s and fighters as well as jet tankers and bombers. Again, it may be years before the results help commercial airline flights.

Meanwhile, without a catalog of the varieties of turbulence or a workable theory to explain them, attempts are being made to detect it. Special radar sets such as the Weather Bureau uses and jetliners carry can indeed spot nearby storm cells (except for certain segments which produce no radar echo at all) and fully developed tornadoes, as well as clouds and rain, but not all rough air. Several airlines, universities and industrial and government groups are hopefully testing airborne devices which may give warning of turbulence directly. These include heat measurements, laser beams and electrical charge detectors.

Undetectable and indescribable as the nature of rough air may be, one of the more surprising

The funnel of a tornado, the most dramatic form of turbulent air, drops down cut of a black sky over Dallas Texas.

'I see neither pattern nor panacea—I don't sleep well nights'

NAJEEB HALABY
FAA Director

revelations of the Miami hearings had to do with the hit-and-miss fashion by which even such weather information as does exist was delivered to the airline pilot.

Although all the other factors in air safety have been studied, corrected and written into the regulations, weather information has, in effect, been left out of the "package." While the Weather Bureau is the main source of in-flight weather information, the responsibility for getting this data to the pilots has until this year been left entirely to the individual airlines. Moreover, except for the required concurrence by his company dispatcher that the weather is good enough to take off, the use a pilot makes of whatever weather information he has is left solely to him.

The nation's air-traffic control network, which approves the exact path each jetliner follows, does not even steer pilots clear of the very worst weather. Until a few hours before Flight 705 took off, the Weather Bureau had been transmitting warnings of the likelihood of tornadoes north of Miami. But at the time the traffic controllers gave Captain Almqvist his headings, they themselves had no accurate details of the existing weather. And they had virtually no training in interpreting weather data from radar.

The air-traffic center did happen to have on hand, as stand-by equipment for aircraft surveillance, one old-fashioned Navy radar that would have been able to register some weather concentrations. But this set was turned off on the day of the crash. Quite correctly, the controllers were using their first-



line, "improved" radar which showed them the positions of planes more clearly because it tuned out most signals reflected from the storm cells.

Fifty miles away a weather station's radar was pin-pointing all these cells, but pictures on its scopes were not relayed to the air-traffic control center. At some airports the weather station's radar pictures are actually carried by coaxial cables several miles to a branch office of the bureau at the terminal—but not the last few feet into the controller's station.

None of these situations is an "irregularity." They are standard practice for the entire air-traffic system run by the Federal Aviation Agency, which assigns to its 14,000 hard-pressed traffic controllers, working at 270 airports and in 21 en-route airway centers one paramount duty—to prevent the planes in the air from colliding with one another.

In the end the men who now must make the decisions on the possible dangers of turbulence are the airline pilots themselves. The FAA gives them no criteria for flying through bad weather. Today, with the FAA's tacit approval, jetliners are flying between known thunderstorm cells as little as 10 miles apart. They also are routinely flying through geographic sectors within which tornadoes have been forecast. When, however, a pilot guesses wrong and his plane or passengers are hurt by rough weather, the FAA can invoke a catchall rule against operating an aircraft in a "careless or reckless manner."

The director of the independent Flight Safety Foundation, Jerry Lederer, is disturbed by this par-

adox: "Neither the designers, the airlines nor the FAA are subject to punitive action, even when they approve designs or follow procedures which invite accidents or incidents. Should the airman be?"

During the past year the FAA has finally begun to face the problem of turbulence and to patch some holes in its operation. It has asked the airlines—on a voluntary basis—to urge the use of seat belts by passengers even when the warning light is off. It is seeing to it that every pilot receives a one-day training course devoted to the latest knowledge about turbulence. The agency has also undertaken a project, with the help of the Weather Bureau, designed to relay more weather information into traffic control centers and to train traffic controllers in the basics of interpreting radar weather data. To do its part on even this limited project, the Weather Bureau had to "steal" some money already allocated to what is officially regarded as the No. 1 priority aviation weather problem—the need to develop a blind, all-weather landing system.

One of the enduring oddities of the jet age is that the Weather Bureau is still a minor appendage of the Commerce Department, whereas the CAB and FAA have long been independent aviation agencies. The Weather Bureau labors on with the World War II methods and a minuscule budget: \$7 million a year for its still-primitive upper-air balloon observations, and at most \$100,000 for the much-needed studies of the mysteries of violent turbulence.

"Possibly a tradition of fund-starvation has kept U.S. weather scientists pure," says one expert sarcastically. "But it seems strange that it's so much easier to get money to study the atmosphere on the moon than to hunt down the unknowns of turbulence here on earth. Wouldn't it seem reasonable to invest a small sum in basic research—say, \$8 million? That's just about the cost of one jetliner."



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MOVIES



That's Mr. Grant behind all the foliage

Unlikely Role for Hairy Cary

After all these years, a real-life slob comes crawling out from under Cary Grant's impeccable facade. In *Father Goose*, his 71st movie, 60-year-old Grant plays a grizzled World War II beach bum who swears heartily and pads around a Pacific island in dirty khakis and sneakers. Then seven girl students and their chaperon (Leslie Caron) are bumped from a military flight and Grant reluctantly takes them under his wing. Enough merriment follows to keep lines long at New York's Radio City Music Hall, where *Father Goose*—Grant's 27th film to play that theater—opened last week. But even a seedy new shell cannot conceal the old Grant charm—it's more than beard-deep.

CONTINUED



Leslie and her girls escape in a dinghy after Japanese torpedo motor launch. When Grant tries to crawl in (*above*), it capsizes (*below*).

Having fun on location, Leslie breaks into impromptu dance as she waits for a scene to be shot in Jamaica, where cast spent a month.





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A Succulent Crown





A Royal Pork Roast for Wintertime

To some people, having a Christmas dinner that doesn't vary by so much as a crumb from year to year is as essential as hanging up the stockings. But for those who are turkey-stuffed and plum pudding-sated, this crown of pork dinner will be a succulent change. And it is a splendid meal for any other gala midwinter occasion.

Pork, often in the form of suckling pig, was traditionally eaten in Europe at wintertime festivities. But piglets got the go-by when modern ovens and appetites could no longer accommodate them. A crown roast is both magnificent and manageable. It is made up of pork ribs, turned and tied to resemble a crown. Each portion is actually a rib chop, and the roast can be constructed of any number of chops to serve a moderate size family or an avalanche of guests. It is easy to carve and the center can be heaped with any kind of stuffing. Properly cooked, the bones become delicately charred, the skin glistens and crackles and the crown takes on a golden glow.



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Battle plan for the feast

by ELEANOR GRAVES

LIFE / Great
Dinners

It's too bad that good manners prevent you from warning your guests to eat lightly the day before they came to this dinner party. Every item in the menu—from snup to chestnuts—is so delicious that anyone who can't do justice to it is going to be furious with himself. As the hostess, the way to guard against anyone passing up portions is to serve moderate-size desserts and to be rather cool about offering second helpings.

MENU

Oyster Bisque Crown of Pork with Wild Rice

Spiced fruits
Baked squash, Parmesan
Peas à la française
Light red wine

Chestnut Roll

Champagne
Demitasse

For an all-out feast, which this is, it is relatively easy to prepare. The only conceivable drawback is its cost. Many of the ingredients would be extravagances at anything less than the bang-up dinner of the year—oysters, wild rice, the crown roast which butchers may charge extra for shaping, and imported chestnuts. But the menu will serve eight people—as handsomely as they're ever likely to be served. In the interest of economy you can make certain changes: use brown rice and eliminate the champagne. You could skip the oyster bisque entirely but don't try to economize halfway by skipping on the oysters.

Preparing Ahead

The holidays are the worst possible time of year to have to spend hours in the kitchen. It is the same time that you are helping with the costumes for the school pageant, worrying about your wardrobe for other people's parties and, up to the last minute, shopping like a fool. But this menu is flexible enough so you can either elect to do the whole thing the day of the

dinner (working at it pretty steadily) or prepare some items in advance. You will, however, need to do some shopping ahead—the chestnuts, they are a special kind called *marrons glacés* (fried chestnuts), may mean a trip to an out-of-the-way gourmet store, and the lobster should be forewarned that he has to make the crown. As to the cooking—you can make the bisque, spiced fruit and dessert the day ahead and refrigerate them. But, if you do it all in the day of the party, make the cake the first thing in the morning and store it in the icebox. Start the bisque and the fruit—you can do these at the same time. Chill the champagne. In the afternoon organize the vegetables. As for the roast, the butcher has done all the work—all you have to do is allow the right amount of cooking time.

Oyster Bisque

Oysters have a glamorous past with such overtones of Diamond Jim Brady and Lillian Russell that they are a most suitable beginning to an elegant dinner. They are served here in soup—bisque simply means a thick cream soup with a seafood base. Either fresh or frozen oysters will do, and since they are going to be ground up anyway the size of the oyster is of no importance. If you buy fresh ones, be sure to have them shucked at the fish store—don't try it yourself.

- 1½ pints oysters
- 16 ounces clam juice
- 1½ cups dry white wine
- 2 stalks celery, sliced
- 2 medium onions, sliced
- 2 carrots, sliced
- 3 slices lemon
- 2 teaspoons dried parsley
- 1 large bay leaf
- 1 pinch dried thyme
- ¼ teaspoon ground nutmeg
- 2 teaspoons salt
- ½ teaspoon whole peppercorns
- ½ cup butter
- ½ cup flour
- 2 eggs
- 3 cups light cream
- ¼ cup dry sherry
- Dash of cayenne pepper
- 2 tablespoons finely chopped fresh parsley

Clap the oysters in an electric blender or by hand, saving all the oyster liquor. Put the oysters and liquor into a saucepan. Add clam juice, wine, celery, onions, carrots, lemon slices, dried herbs, nutmeg, salt and peppercorns. Bring to a boil, reduce heat, and simmer gently uncovered for 15 minutes. Strain through a fine strainer or cheesecloth. Measure this stock and, if necessary, add enough water to make five

cups. Then melt butter in a large saucepan. Add flour and stir until smooth. Gradually stir in the oyster stock, and cook, stirring constantly, until the mixture thickens. With a fork, beat the eggs with one-half cup of the cream. Stir about one cup of the hot bisque into the egg-cream mixture. Then gradually stir this mixture back into the bisque. Add the remaining cream and heat thoroughly but do not boil. Just before serving, stir in the sherry and a dash of cayenne pepper. Serve sprinkled with fresh chopped parsley.

Crown of Pork

A crown roast is one of the most splendid of all cuts of meat. Though most often constructed of lamb, it is less expensive and every bit as good when made of pork. Allow two chops per person, with a few extra for really hearty eaters. Many butchers will sell the crowns only in multiples of seven since there are seven chops in each retail rib portion. Select meat that is firm and lean. Pork must be white or grayish when cooked, not even tinged with pink. It must be cooked slowly and thoroughly. Pork does not generally need basting, but when roasting the crown, spoon cider and pan juices over the bones occasionally so that they get attractively brown.

- Crown of pork, 18-21 ribs
- 1 cup apple cider
- 8 ounces wild rice, cooked

Preheat oven to 325°. Place the crown, bones sticking up, in a shallow roasting pan—no rack is needed. Insert a meat thermometer into the center of a meaty part of one of the chops, making sure it does not rest on bone. Roast the pork until the thermometer reaches 160° or for about two hours, basting the crown from time to time with apple cider and the pan juices. Fill the center of the crown with cooked wild rice, piling the rice high. If there is any rice left over, serve it separately. Continue roasting without basting until the meat thermometer reaches 185°, which should take another hour.

Wild Rice

Wild rice, a native American delicacy, is not rice at all but the seed of a tall aquatic grass. It is literally wild—efforts to farm it have been failures. It is harvested from canoes, mostly by Indians in Minnesota. Considering all this, it's hardly surprising that half a pound costs just under two dollars!

- 8 ounces wild rice (1½ cups)
- 2½ cups water
- 1 teaspoon salt

Rinse the rice thoroughly. Combine rice, water and salt in a saucepan. Bring to a boil. Stir with a fork, and reduce heat so that the water boils very gently. Cover and simmer for 30 minutes or until all the liquid is absorbed. If the rice is ready ahead of schedule, let it stand with the cover off the pan. Makes about five cups of rice.

Spiced Fruits

- 1 one-pound 14-ounce can of pear halves
- 1 one-pound 14-ounce can of peach halves
- ½ cup brown sugar
- ¼ cup cider vinegar
- 4 two-inch sticks of cinnamon
- 2 teaspoons whole cloves
- 1 teaspoon whole allspice

Drain fruit syrup into a saucepan and put the fruit itself into a bowl. Add sugar, vinegar and whole spices to the fruit syrup and boil for five minutes. Pour syrup and spices over the fruit and cover tightly. Put in the refrigerator and let stand at least four hours. Drain well before serving and remove the whole spices. The fruit may be served in a bowl or it may be arranged as a garnish around the crown roast.

Peas à la Française

- 3 10-ounce packages frozen small peas
- ½ pound tiny white onions (about 24)
- ¼ cup butter
- ¼ cup boiling water
- 1 tablespoon sugar
- ¼ teaspoon dried chervil
- ¼ teaspoon dried thyme
- ¼ teaspoon dried parsley
- 1½ teaspoons salt
- Freshly ground black pepper
- 2 cups shredded lettuce

Remove peas from freezer to thaw about an hour ahead of cooking time. Don't care what the package directions say; thaw them. With this quantity, they will be easier to handle. Peel the onions. If the onions are not the tiniest ones, remove one or two layers to reduce them to cocktail-onion size. Cook them in boiling salted water for five minutes; drain. Melt the butter in a large heavy saucepan. Add onions, the ¼ cup boiling water, sugar, herbs, salt and pepper. Add the peas and toss to blend them with the seasonings. Add the lettuce and stir it in gently.



CONTINUED



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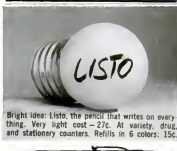
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LIFE Great Dinners

Cover the pan and cook over medium heat just until the peas are tender, which should take about five minutes.

Baked Squash Parmesan

- 4 acorn squash
- 8 tablespoons butter
- 8 teaspoons grated Parmesan cheese
- Salt
- Freshly ground black pepper

Preheat oven to 325°.

Scrub squash and cut them in half lengthwise. Scrape out the seeds and all the strings. Put squash, open side up, in a shallow baking pan. Sprinkle each half with salt and pepper. Put one tablespoon of butter and one teaspoon of cheese in each half. Be generous with both—the more you put in, the better the squash will taste. Bake for one hour or until squash is tender.

Chestnut Roll

This is one of the most impressive desserts you will ever turn out—to eat and to admire—so don't leave it off the menu just because it sounds hard. It really isn't. It takes an hour or so to put together but it is close to being foolproof. And it should enrich your reputation.

- ¾ cup sifted cake flour
- 1 teaspoon baking powder
- ¼ teaspoon salt
- 4 eggs, at room temperature
- ¾ cup sugar
- 1 teaspoon vanilla extract
- Confectioner's sugar
- Shaved bitter chocolate
- Chestnut butter cream (recipe below)

Preheat oven to 300°.

Line the bottom of a jelly roll pan (15x10x1½ inches) with waxed paper or foil trimmed to fit. Don't use the plastic wrap that sticks to itself—it will simply melt. Butter the paper. Sift together flour, baking powder and salt. Beat the eggs, using the high speed of an electric beater, until foamy and lemon-colored. Continue beating, adding sugar slowly, until very thick and at least doubled in bulk. This will take about 10 minutes with an electric hand beater. Sprinkle the sifted dry ingredients over the batter and fold them in gently. Fold in the vanilla. Bake for 12 to 15 minutes or until the cake is delicately browned and the top springs back when touched lightly. Loosen the cake around the edges with a knife and turn it out on a cloth sprinkled evenly with confectioner's sugar. Carefully remove the paper. Cut



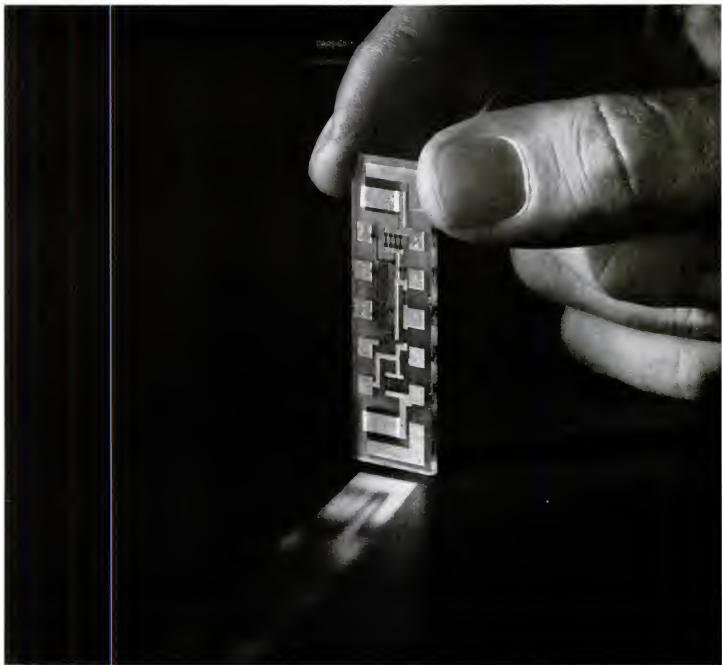
off the crisp edges of the cake with a sharp knife. Starting at the long side—and be sure it is the long side, it is instinctive to want to start the other way—gently roll up the cake right along with the towel. The towel keeps the cake from sticking to itself. Place the roll, towel and all, on a cake rack to cool. When cool, unroll the cake and remove the towel. Spread the top with one half of the chestnut butter cream. Roll the cake, place it out on a serving platter and frost the outside of the roll with the rest of the cream. Decorate the top with chocolate.

Chestnut Butter Cream

- 2 six-ounce cans of marrons glacés
- or 2 small jars of marrons in vanilla syrup, drained
- ½ cup sugar
- ½ cup light corn syrup
- 3 egg yolks
- ½ pound (2 sticks) sweet butter, softened
- ¼ cup dark rum

Finely chop marrons—which is what the can will read because all candied chestnuts are imported from France. Cut butter into small pieces. Put egg yolks into a mixing bowl. Set them all aside. Combine sugar and corn syrup in a small saucepan. Cook over medium heat, stirring constantly, until the mixture comes to a full bubbling boil. Remove from heat. Beat the egg yolks, using the high speed of an electric beater, until foamy and lemon-colored. Add the hot syrup gradually, continuing to beat at high speed. Do not scrape the pan. Continue beating until the mixture is cool. Beat in the butter, a little at a time. Stir in the rum and chestnuts.

It is easy to make this dinner glamorous, but it does take some planning about the serving dishes. You need a large round platter for the crown—big enough to make a garland of the spiced fruit around the base. You need an assortment of vegetable dishes—one for any extra rice that doesn't fit inside the crown, one for the peas, a large platter for the squash. For the chestnut roll you will need a long narrow platter, at least 18 inches long since the roll itself will be 15 inches long. If all the platters of that length you can are wide, fill in the sides with some green leaves—a couple of sprigs of holly, perhaps—to keep the roll from looking lost.



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little four-passenger import above claim a modest 838-pound load limit—which to youngsters in Fullerton, Calif. seemed just the sort of challenge from which history is made. So in they piled, for a squealing, wriggling head count of 31—and weight load well over 3,100 pounds—leaving plenty of SRO for any late-comers willing to stick out through the hole in the roof.



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